

# SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

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TORONTO, 1940

OVER A THIRD OF ITALY'S CAPITAL SHIPS WERE BLASTED AT TARANTO LAST WEEK BY TORPEDO-CARRYING "SWORDFISH" PLANES. A PLANE TAKES OFF FROM A CARRIER.

We beg to serve notice on our verse contributors that verse contributions not accompanied by stamps for return will henceforth neither be read nor returned. If a poet does not think enough of his poetical offspring to gamble six (or four) cents on the chance of its being published in this weekly, he has no right to ask us to gamble at least ten cents worth of our valuable time on reading it.

The rule that poems without stamps will not be returned has theoretically been a rule of the office for many years, and is stated in our masthead. In practice, out of the goodness of our heart we have been returning hundreds of poems every year for years; we have also been reading them, and very, very occasionally publishing one which came to us without stamps. The new rule is that poems without stamps will not only not be returned but will never in any circumstances be published.

Willson Woodside, our weekly commentator on the Hitler War, is now heard five nights a week in a brief broadcast on the war news of the day, which has in a very short time become one of the most popular features of the CBC service. He talks at 8.55 E.D.T., and corresponding hours throughout the CBC network from coast to coast. SATURDAY NIGHT is now the only periodical in Canada for which Mr. Woodside is writing, and we are making arrangements for further contributions from his pen outside of the Hitler War column.

## Labor Dilution Problem

THE Hon. James Gardiner, who is a man of great energy and ability with whom this country will have to reckon more extensively than perhaps the Eastern part of it has yet realized, made a radio speech on Sunday night in the "Facing the Facts" series, the most important propaganda effort that the C.B.C. has yet undertaken. It was a very clever speech, and must have greatly annoyed the Toronto *Telegram*, which has been in the habit of calling him Half-Way Gardiner and suggesting that he and his prairie constituents are not interested in the war effort. Mr. Gardiner, who is now Minister of National War Services rather more than he is Minister of Agriculture, was seeking to prove his interest in the war effort, by stressing the fact that Canada would be called upon (not immediately, but around 1941-2) for a larger force of fighting men than she had contemplated, and by telling industrial employers that they must learn to dilute their

## THE FRONT PAGE

skilled labor much more than they are now doing.

Now the fighting forces naturally have to come from some kind of civil occupation, and for the most part they have to come from either agriculture or manufacturing industry. The intimation that more of them have to come from industry will therefore do Mr. Gardiner no harm in the prairies, which have been somewhat worried by the fact that wheat-raising has not appeared to be quite such an essential industry in this war as it was in the last one, there being an enormous carry-over and even some talk of curtailment of acreage. But Mr. Gardiner's views on the possibility of dilution of labor in industry have met with sharp dissent from a very large number of experienced industrialists.

It is, we think, a pity that Mr. Gardiner rested his case so largely on his own observations and inquiries among war industries in Great Britain. There are unquestionably certain types of highly repetitive and mechanical operations in certain industries, which require very little skilled man-power; and in Great

Britain, which began its rearmament work seriously about the time of Munich, a large proportion of the war industries have probably reached that stage. They are, that is to say, engaged in turning out the final product—the shell, the explosive, the gun, the tank,—with the aid of precision machinery which does most of the thinking. Workers can be trained into these operations in a comparatively short time. Even in these industries, the examples which Mr. Gardiner cited strike us as being somewhat extreme, and hardly typical of war industry as a whole. But Canada to a large extent is still in the preparatory stage. She is turning out the precision machines which the diluted labor envisaged by Mr. Gardiner will ultimately operate; and we doubt very much if in that stage much skilled labor can be dispensed with.

Mr. Gardiner is an agriculturist and a representative of the agriculturists. The country is being asked to accept him as an expert on the dilution of skilled labor in highly complex industries. Our point is that the position of the Government in this matter would be a great deal stronger if it were able to present, as the

reason for any policies looking towards dilution which it may ultimately adopt, a considered opinion by a board of economic experts who had examined the whole problem. It is really far too large a problem to be satisfactorily solved by a hasty visit to England by a Canadian farmer and Minister of Agriculture, however brilliant.

## One Thing at a Time

TWO new books advocating radical social changes—"Where Do We Go from Here?" by British Laborite Harold J. Laski and "All Out! How Democracy Will Defend America" by New York *Post* columnist Samuel Grafton are termed by a reviewer "handbooks of revolution." His objection is that though presumably honestly meant, these books may endanger Democracy by demanding that changes go farther and faster than Democracy can stand.

Germany, of course, would not permit the publication of books tending, as these do, to promote public dissatisfaction with their national economic and social systems. The question is, can Democracy afford to permit it either, in the face of the pressing need for a closed-ranks, total resistance to totalitarian attack?

This is a problem which may become acute long before we are through with this war. Lovers of freedom certainly don't want to see freedom destroyed in the process of fighting for its preservation—but neither do they want to see their fight weakened by dissension, and still less by stimulated growth of public disbelief in the values and virtues of existing democratic institutions.

Books like those of Messrs. Laski and Grafton might well, it would seem, wait for publication until Democracy has assured its own survival by defeating Hitlerism and is free to tackle its second objective, its own reconstitution.

## "Nuts to Hitler"

IN A single night's bombing last week, the city of Coventry, England was made to look like one of the devastated towns of Flanders in the last war. Yet next morning shopkeepers were digging out usable stocks of goods and hanging out signs which read: "Business as usual. Nuts to Hitler." Mr. R. S. Lambert read a letter on his "Old Country Mail" pro-

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SURVIVORS OF A TORPEDOED MERCHANTMAN ARE PICKED UP BY A CANADIAN DESTROYER. THE SHIP'S SURGEON PREPARES INJURED FOR HOISTING ABOARD.



AN INJURED WOMAN COMES ON BOARD. SHE'LL BE SET DOWN IN ENGLAND.



A SECOND TORPEDO SMASHED THE LIFE BOAT IN WHICH THIS WOMAN WAS LOWERED INTO THE WATER. HER HALF REMAINED AFLOAT. SHE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND HER SON FLOATING IN THE WATER IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT.

## DEAR MR. EDITOR

### How Is Your Pronunciation?

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN WHAT follows I have assembled a number of words which will test one's knowledge of pronunciation. I was led to write it because I am hearing CBL and other broadcasters, including Lowell Thomas, mispronouncing some of the words included in the following:

"As we sat in very comfortable chairs in front of a blazing fire, we talked about many things—about the war; about books; about the vagaries of Mussolini; about the incomparable courage of the British people under the rain of German bombs; about the decadence of French morals; about the machinations of Hitler; about the Duke of Windsor's being sent to a post in the Bahamas; about the Reich's Balkan aims; about the inhospitable shores of Northern Russia; about the irrefutable rights of Poland to be an independent country; about the irreparable damage which Germany has done herself regarded as a country of learning and culture; about the strafing of German-held ports on the English Channel; about Germany's despicable treatment of countries conquered by her; about the inexplicable Japanese; about the admirable patriotism of the Finns; about the inadequate rations of the German people; about the menace to the Mediterranean trade route between Britain and the Far East; about the amenities of public air-raid shelters in London; about the necessity for greater leisure in these days of great tension; about the naive proposal of the Axis powers to give Canada to the United States if and when they win the war; about the baffling problem of the world's superfluous wheat production; about the indisputable superiority of R.A.F. pilots over German pilots; and about the obligation resting on all public broadcasters and Hollywood stars to be meticulously correct in pronunciation.

Toronto, Ont. JOHN C. KIRKWOOD.

### Union Now Again

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

AT THE meeting addressed by Mr. Streit, as described in your columns, a relatively minor point in my strictures on Federal Union (SATURDAY NIGHT, October 5) seems first to have been misapprehended and then

to have been dismissed as "unworthy." Were all the major points so irredeemably base that they could not even be mentioned?

Is the propagandist technique of the new mass movement to be not only a drastic over-simplification of complex issues, but a bland refusal to tackle serious dissent or disagreeable realities? If so, the term "unworthy" would belong elsewhere.

More probably it is quite irrelevant. At any rate, knowing what we all have at heart, I believe it is. There must be candor, we are told, in our relations with our neighbors. That is true. But might not Federal Union set an example by scrutinizing its own proposals and emotional attitude in the frank and outspoken fashion it recommends to others?

LIONEL M. GELBER.

### Valuable Idea

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MY HUSBAND thinks perhaps Ottawa government pay the passage first-class steamship to Japan, sometimes second-class. Consideration the Japanese passenger promise gentleman's agreement not to come back ever. If not young grandson. Perhaps even to Brazil. Each passenger to take the furniture. It could be Ottawa government would also buy my husband's business fair price always for cash plus 10 per cent. Hoping you would admire the valuable idea if not the interview.

Vancouver, B.C. Y. SURIOKI AKI.

### Tributes From Afar

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THIS, our first fan letter was to have been a bouquet for the living, but procrastination has turned it into flowers for the dead.

We have always read Hal Frank's witticisms and exclaimed over the aptness of his "Questions of the Hour," and his "Utopia" set-ups, and made wry faces over his worst—or best—puns. We regret the passing of The Passing Show.

And now to toss a flower or two to the living. We like Willson Woodside's current history from one who knows, May Richstone's pert verse, Mary Lowrey Ross' detached amusement at everything and everybody, and Janet March's cookery column.

London's tradesmen, who find themselves in the front line trenches in this War, are displaying an unquenchable spirit. Here is a sign outside of a pub.

though we do miss Cynthia Brown. We appreciate the Bookshelf, P.O.D. and "Jay."

About that new format. We notice that you are being congratulated on your new suit. It is more becoming, and easier on those who have to look at it. One drawback: The Back Page isn't on the back page any more.

Dauphin, Man. R. AND B. G.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

HAROLD F. SUTTON as Hal Frank was a great favorite among the Old-timers in the West. He reminded them so much of their own Bob Edwards of the Calgary *Eye-Opener*. Each was a genius in wit and in human understanding. Each had the same physical appearance and the same habits of living. Edwards was more of the breezy, swift style of the Table-Lands. Hal Frank was of the softer tone of the milder East.

We Old-timers have entered Hal Frank in our books of remembrance along with Bob. The picture is very bright and will be lasting. Such a combination will not come again. The West is merging with the East. Perhaps the North may some day bring forth another.

Calgary, Alta. CLIFFORD T. JONES.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THIS is to convey to you the sense of indebtedness on the part of the undersigned and others for your deep-toned tribute to the creator of The Passing Show. The passing of Hal Frank is a real black-out for this part of the English-speaking world.

ADAM STROHM.

Librarian, Public Library, Detroit, Mich.

## SATURDAY NIGHT

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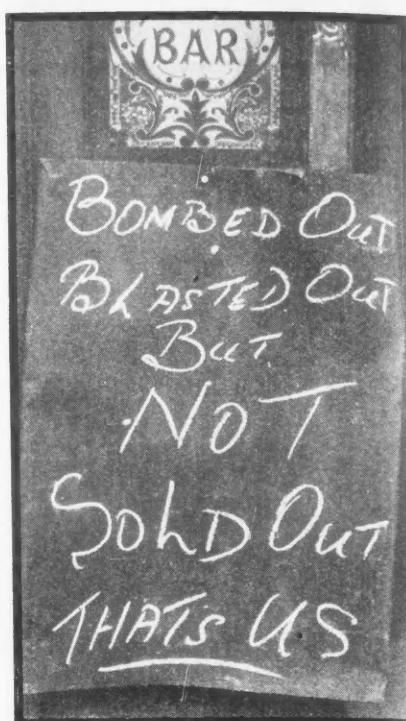
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## PICTURES OF THE WEEK

AT THE lull during which Nazi Germany concentrated on her conquests on the Continent and later on her plans for the invasion of England, sea warfare has reopened and is being pushed grimly and relentlessly. Last week a raider of the Graf Spee class attacked a British convoy under the wing of the armed auxiliary cruiser Jervis Bay and gleefully word came out of Berlin that from fifteen to twenty of the cargo boats had been sunk. England claimed that through the incredible courage of the Jervis Bay's skipper, Fogarty Fegen, who steered his eggshell boat straight into the big guns of the battleship and kept it engaged for nearly three-quarters of an hour, only a small fraction of the 38-ship convoy was lost. For his bravery in action, Captain Fegen, who had one arm completely blown away and who went down with his ship, was awarded the Victoria Cross.

But the Jervis Bay incident is only one of the more spectacular actions in the sinister warfare being waged on the seas of the world. And to-day England fights alone. In the Mediterranean, crafty Mussolini refuses to fight but keeps a large portion of the British Fleet tied up, watching him. In the North Sea the Germans harass Britain's shipping at the Island Kingdom's own front door. In the Orient, the Japanese Fleet, feeling its oats, would like nothing better than a crack at the British.

But it is the little human tragedies which bring home the real meaning of the sea warfare. Word flashes that a lone Greek steamer has been sunk somewhere off the coast of South America and the news is good for a squib in a small corner of the front page and then the incident is forgotten. Few stop to think of the shattering detonation of the torpedo, the abandoning of the ship, the long hours afloat on an unfriendly ocean. The pictures on this page have caught some of the tragedy and pathos of such an incident.

# THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

gram last Sunday telling how a big London department store, shattered by bombs, put out signs the next day reading: "Store open as usual during slight alterations to premises." When the building was hit again a few days later, the signs were made to read: "Store more open than usual..."

If you were the enemy, what would you do with a people like that? For us, we know that if we were Hitler, we would be terrified. Surely at night, fear in his heart, he must ask himself: "What have I done?"

Hitler committed the supreme—we trust the fatal—error of attacking a nation that is very, very difficult to defeat and—worse—that is constitutionally unable to recognize defeat when it occurs and persists in fighting on until such time as the tables are turned. "Those stupid English! They haven't sense enough to know when they are beaten." This British failing impressed itself on Napoleon Bonaparte.

The "Nuts to Hitler" sign seems to us to epitomize the spirit of the people of Britain today more completely and accurately than anything else could. Heroic, they hate heroics and bombast and showing-off; they frown on flag-waving and do-or-die speech-making; they make Cockney jokes at danger and carry on with the job to be done.

Ottawa is reported to be fearful of the readiness of Canadians to bear the much heavier tasks of war that lie ahead. It need not be. "Nuts to Hitler" is Canada's sentiment too. "Nuts to Hitler" is a reflection of that quality of the spirit that is termed "guts." The British have it a-plenty. It's what they win their wars with. And Canadians, who are also British, have it too. It is a quality which does not become visible until its owner is in a lot of trouble—which is one reason why the enemies of the British start to make war upon them in the belief that they haven't got it.

## Defence and Picketing

FOR once, in a dispute between the Dominion and Ontario governments, we find ourselves compelled to admit that the Dominion government asked for what it is getting and is getting what it asked for. If the Dominion legislators drafted a set of Defence of Canada Regulations which are susceptible of being interpreted as prohibiting peaceful picketing when a lawful strike is in progress, they have no right to be surprised or to complain that a provincial government proceeds to use those Regulations to prevent such picketing. If, of course, the Regulations were not intended to prohibit peaceful picketing during a labor dispute, then the Dominion's skirts can be kept

## PARLIAMENT HILL

(I)

HERE Davin spoke, and Howe whose sounding surge  
Of words was surf beating on a prominence. McGee here made with tragic eloquence  
His final speech for union on the verge  
Of death, and Laurier with silver phrase  
Would charm the Commons by his gallic grace.  
All all are gone, the builders of this place;  
Their names will be remembered all our days.

Great men have loved the beauty of this height  
Where Lampman walked, dreaming of life and fate,  
And the incomprehensible things that wait  
To snare the mind of man, the luring bait  
Of fame and power and riches in his sight  
Were transient as a comet in the night.

(II)

ALL, all are gone, but others take their place.  
Coming and going with life's altering tide,  
But this great height with its unchanging face  
Bearing the north wind's force in strength and pride,  
The long, slow lapse of interminable years,  
Looks to the low, blue hills of eternity  
Finding in them the faith that calms all tears  
And stands, a symbol of stability,  
In this changed world where all is flux and flow,  
And autocrats, their columnists of hate,  
Attempt with crushing heel and blow on blow  
The last free nations to annihilate.  
Far longer than this height shall scathless stand  
Shall freedom hold full sway in this our land.

Ottawa, Ont.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT.

clean. Either the courts will decide that peaceful picketing is not prohibited, in which case the provincial government will be shown up as incapable of properly construing the Regulations; or the courts will decide that peaceful picketing is prohibited, in which event the Dominion—still assuming that it does not want to prohibit anything of the kind—will obviously have to amend the Regulations immediately. Nothing could be easier than that, for all that is necessary is a meeting of the Governor-General-in-Council and the signing of a new Regulation. We are not governed any longer by laws made by the cumbersome method of three separate readings in Commons and Senate. The War Measures Act abolishes all that, and enables the government to redress its errors—or to commit further errors—with the utmost promptitude.

We are not here expressing any profound admiration for the device of peaceful picketing as a means towards the settlement of labor disputes. But we do want to set down our belief that neither the right to strike, nor the ancillary right of peaceful picketing, can safely be taken away from labor in these troublous times, unless a great deal in the way of similar and countervailing rights and privileges is taken away from capital. If labor is to be restrained from the use of its customary means of defence and advancement, then the employer must be restrained correspondingly. There must be a Defence of Canada Regulation for him also.

## Ontario's Resistance

MR. HEPBURN has conducted general elections in Ontario on some pretty odd issues in his time, but we find it difficult to believe the report that he plans to run one on the issue of dissent from the Sirois Report in the event of the demands of Ontario for modification of the financial terms of the Report being refused by the other provinces in conference. A premier can of course call an election whenever he wants to, and can try to persuade the electors to vote him back into power for any reason that he likes to put forward; but it would surely be difficult to persuade the electors that their only way of blocking a certain constitutional amendment which has to be enacted at Westminster is to re-elect Mr. Hepburn and his party at Queen's Park. And the difficulty would be enhanced if the Ontario Conservatives refused, as they very probably would, to take issue with Mr. Hepburn on the subject.

## THE PASSING SHOW

SOMEWHERE in this Sirois Report business there are the makings of quite a good Disunion Now movement.

Monsieur Molotov speaks no German. Herr Hitler speaks no Russian. Can they have been plotting a new Berlitz-krieg?

In essence, Mr. Hepburn's objection is that he doesn't want Ontario to be relieved of the relief of employable unemployed just when there are going to be no employable unemployed to be relieved of the relief of.

The Willkie-ite theory seems to be that a man who has lost the hundred yards dash can go on running and may ultimately win the mile.

### POEM OF PADRES

There is an awful lot of bother  
About the right name for a spiritual father.  
Presbyterians, both dexter and sinister,  
Call him Minister.  
The Church of England man  
Insists, as only an Anglican,  
That Rector  
Is correcter.

R. MUNRO.

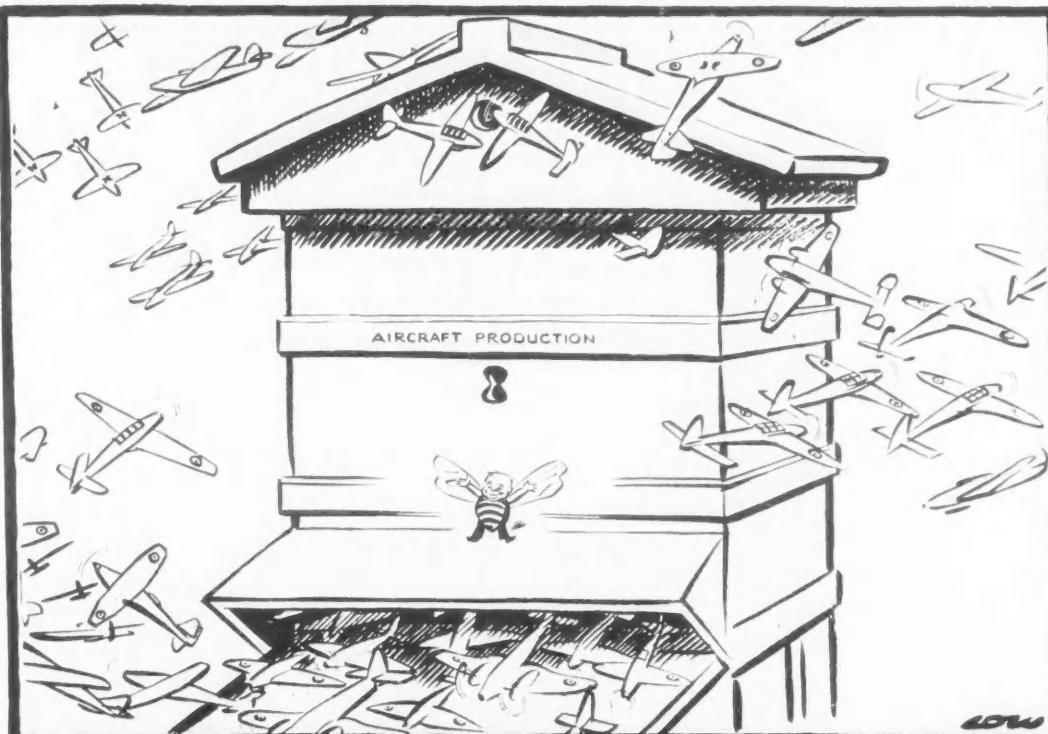
The Italians seem to have forgotten to provide bombproof shelters for their navy.

### WAR SONG OF THE ITALIAN NAVY

We don't want to fight, and by Jingo if we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and  
the place to hide them too.

Nine little provinces, called to meet in state;  
One sent a nasty note, and then there were  
eight.

(To be continued as occasion arises.)



HOW DOTH THE BUSY LITTLE B

Lew.

If the January conference arrives at an agreement to which the province of Ontario alone refuses to assent, the result will presumably be a memorial to Westminster by the Dominion Government, accompanied by significations of assent from the eight provinces. It would then be competent for Ontario to send in its own memorial indicating its dissent, and praying that the amendment asked for in the main memorial be not enacted. This would place the Westminster authorities in an extremely delicate position. In the case of Australia they have already gone on record as refusing to hear representations from a member state of the Australian Federation, on the ground that changes in the constitutional relations of the states are within the sole power of the Commonwealth itself. But this defence cannot be raised in the case of a Canadian province, because whatever be the real practical situation, the theoretical situation, entirely different from that of Australia, is that the amendment of the Canadian constitution is within the power of the Westminster Parliament and not within the power of Canada at all.

The Westminster Parliament would thus have the choice of acting on the request of the eight provinces and the Dominion, of refusing to act because of the request of Ontario, or (and most probable choice) of referring the matter back to Canada with a request for fur-

ther conference. In that last event, and not until that event, Mr. Hepburn might be in a position to say that he needed a new mandate from the people to press his resistance. By that time the resistance itself might have come to appear not quite so glorious.

## The Literary Editor

THE position of Literary Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, so long and honorably occupied by the late Harold F. Sutton, will be filled, commencing with this issue, by Robertson Davies, a young Canadian who had a distinguished career at Oxford and is the author of an important work on the critical history of the Elizabethan drama, "Shakespeare's Boy Actors," which was well received both in England and on this continent.

Mr. Davies, who is a son of W. Rupert Davies, president and editor of the Kingston *Whig-Standard* and president of the Canadian Press, was born in 1913. He assures us that he educated himself while attending Upper Canada College for quite a number of years, and we know that he contributed brilliantly to the *College Times* during that period. He then went to Queen's University, which did not even pretend to educate him, maintaining that he was uneducable because he could not matriculate in mathematics. After three years in that institution of learning he became a member of Balliol College, Oxford, which university either taught him mathematics or told him not to bother with them, for it gave him the degree of B. Litt. three years later.

Always intensely interested in the theatre, Mr. Davies functioned for a brief period as actor, stage manager and off-stage musician in various dramatic enterprises, and was then engaged at the famous Old Vic Theatre in London as actor and lecturer to students on the History and Tradition of the British and American Theatre, being later promoted to the rank of Assistant to the Producer, with the additional title of Resident Pedant.

When we told Mr. Davies that we hoped he would find it in his heart to be kind to Canadian authors, he assured us that it was his firm conviction that even they were also God's creatures. So we think that will be all right.

## VALE, JERVIS BAY!

"The self-sacrificing action of the armed merchant cruiser Jervis Bay in engaging a pocket battleship to save her convoy will become one of the most noble chapters in British naval history."—Press despatch.

NELSON and Grenville will be there to greet you  
On far Valhalla's shore,  
When many a gallant ship will sail to meet you  
Whom we shall see no more.

Lion, Revenge and Victory will guide you  
Safe to that port of fame,  
Salmon and Rawalpindi close beside you,  
Eager to laud your name.

Latest to join that fleet whose shining story  
Holds all our hearts in spell,  
With grief and pride we toast your deathless  
glory:  
Hail—and farewell!

HELEN SANGSTER.

# An English Private School Carries On In Ottawa

BY MALAK KARSH

THIS is the story of a private school and of 28 English evacuee children. The school is the Byron House School of Highgate Village, London, now of Ottawa, Ontario. The 28 children are the sons and daughters of English intellectuals. This is also an appeal to anyone who can assist in keeping the school open for the duration of the War.

When War broke out in September, 1939, Byron House School was evacuated from London to Cambridge where it opened as a boarding school with 60 pupils, all between the ages of 2 and 14 years. In November, 1939 it re-opened in London but continued active in Cambridge too.

Then 5 months ago, Miss Williams, the Headmistress, was invited to bring the children to Canada where food and shelter were waiting for them "free." But because beleaguered England, to keep alive, needed every foot of space on every ship, only 28 of the children could come over.

## A Tragic Mistake

When Miss Williams arrived in Canada, she found that the invitation had been a mistake. She had to find shelter for her charges. She did. Dr. Kirkpatrick has a large and lovely house on Island Drive, Ottawa, which was vacant. Miss Williams asked him if he would rent the house and wait until after the War for payment, for no funds could be brought out of England. Dr. Kirkpatrick said she could have the house, rent free, if the city would exempt it from taxes. The city agreed and the children were housed.

Miss Williams had somehow to find food, furniture, expenses—the thou-

**Stairway of Happiness.** Malak Karsh has here caught the whole spirit of the group of English evacuees now "at school" in this old Ottawa mansion.

and and one things needed to keep the school going. She did, with the co-operation of a committee of Ottawa citizens. Clothing and furniture were donated by homes and factories and local stores. Funds are now available to ensure the school of a year's life. But somehow it will have to keep going for the duration of the War. That is why this is an appeal to any one who can assist.

The citizens of Ottawa have already been very kind to these children. Any one who could do anything to assist was welcome and everybody who did assist was happy to do so because England is fighting our War and the least we can do on our side is to see that these English children, our guests, are well looked after.

History teaches us that when the education of a nation deteriorates, the nation will fall. Accordingly if we judge the education of the English nation by the standard of education of these children, the British will live and lead.

## Interesting Children

I lived with these children for almost a week. I played with them and listened to their questions and conversations. I joined them at their tables and watched them eat and enjoy those happy moments of being together at the table. We hiked through the woods when the children had almost complete freedom to do what they pleased and was overjoyed to see how well they used their liberty. These children are interesting. Their questions are clear and they answer's complete. No wonder their education is successful, for it is the result of liberal methods. *No marks or competition. No punishment or rewards.* The whole system depends on complete understanding between the teachers and the students and the students among themselves.

I shall not forget that a boy of five years asked me what exposure I was giving my pictures and why I used filters. And when I asked him What do you know about photography? he answered "My father takes pictures and he tells me about them." I realize now how slow my own education was.



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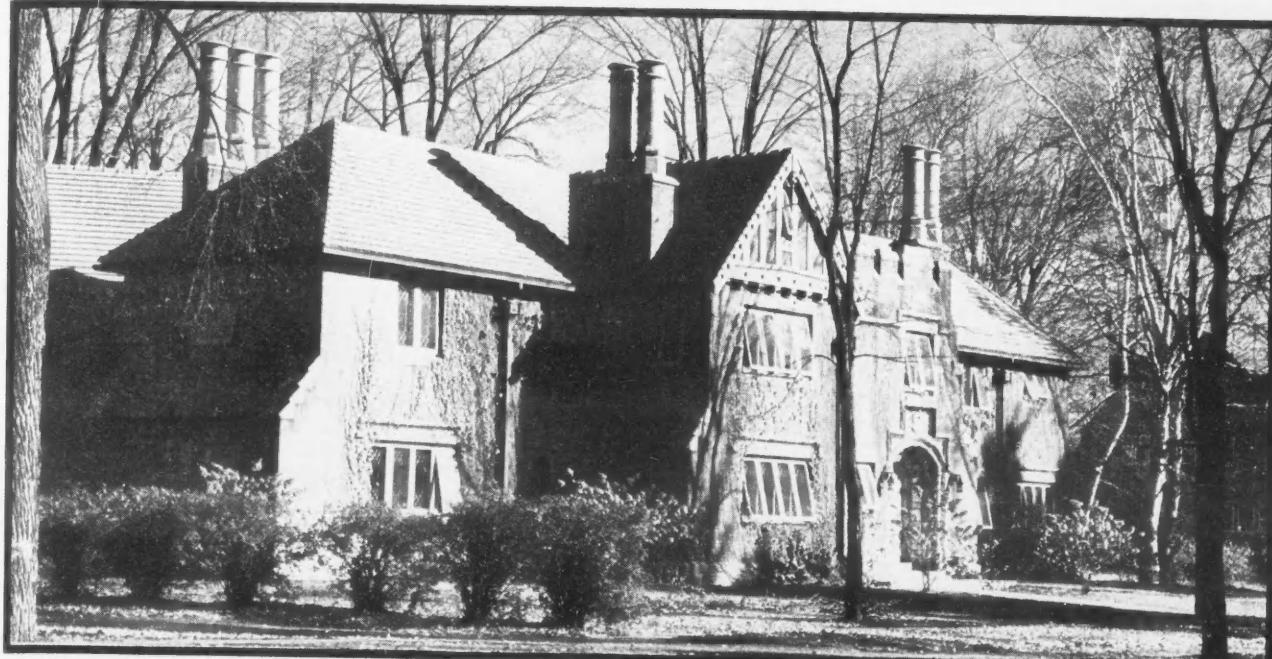
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Dr. Kirkpatrick's home on Island Park Drive, Ottawa, has been given as a school for 28 children . . .



. . . all of them English evacuees like tow-headed Marsen Withington.



Rubber firms donated the boots; Parkdale firemen built the rack.



John Withington writes to his parents.



A map of Island Park Drive, Ottawa, is completed.



Miss Williams, the Headmistress, examines the children's map of Island Park Drive.



Miss Williams and some of her charges at the end of a hike through the Canadian countryside.



Miss A. G. Sanborn of Concord, Massachusetts, plays the piano for the children.



Frances and Jennifer Walker, twins, find there is more to making a bed than throwing covers on.



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in any low price car!"



SEE YOUR NEAREST  
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## Churchill and Pétain

BY H. A. MOWAT

ONE year ago Winston Churchill was referred to in SATURDAY NIGHT as the one man in the seats of the mighty who had occupied a post of equal responsibility in the last World War. Other Great War leaders, great generals, distinguished admirals and leading statesmen had passed either into that realm which gives surcease from wars or into an earthly retirement imposed by the necessities of advanced age. But during this first year of the new World War, a tragic turn in his fortunes has brought to the highest office in France Marshal Pétain, generalissimo of the victorious French Army of 1918.

A suspicion has gained ground that Pétain was Hitler's selection for a pro-Nazi French government. It has been pointed out that when the Battle of Flanders was in progress and the Battle of France in its initial stages, Pétain was Republican France's Ambassador to Spain, where he had every facility through Franco for direct communication with the dictators. But the duration and extent of his pro-Nazi sympathies have been indicated by another fact.

"The Political Testament of Hermann Goering" is a translation by H. W. Blood-Ryan of addresses made by the Reichsmarschal between January 1933 and September 1938. In the two hundred and fifty-eight pages of this book only one non-German name appears—it is that of Pétain. In an address delivered at the Krupp Works, Essen, December 14, 1934, six years ago, Goering states:

"One can speak to a French ex-soldier, for he will have the feeling for an agreement and understanding among the nations.

"A few weeks ago I had the opportunity to speak to the aged Marshal Pétain. There is a soldier. He is a nobleman and he understands how to respect the honor of Germany. With people like this one can come to an understanding, but not with a party

leader or politician, who see only their own poor business flourish in the disunity."

On October 26, 1940, one noticed a Toronto newspaper headline "Pétain bows to Hitler." The sentiment of Marshal Goering's speech of six years back is a basis for the belief that by 1940 that bow must have been well rehearsed! The descent of Marshal Pétain from his victorious chieftainship of the World War armies of France to his leadership of a Nazi puppet government may well be an experience he has earned by his totalitarian leanings of the last twenty years.

### Mightier Yet

But the mighty British First Lord of the Admiralty has been made mightier yet by the same catastrophic continental episodes which pushed Pétain into the highest position in unoccupied France. Today his person is the focus of the democratic world's purpose to destroy Hitlerism. The emotional and dynamic drive of his words has aroused the spirits of freedom-loving men everywhere as the utterances of no other man could have done. In front of their radios men share with him his loathing for and hatred of the "Nazis" power, which by enslaving men everywhere, would purchase the prosperity of the New Reich at the price of other people's misfortunes.

His invincible belief in the British Empire is of a piece with his militant faith in its strength during his whole adventurous life. We remember his speech before the Toronto Canadian Club in 1929 when he spoke like a veritable John Bull for Great Britain:

"It is absolutely necessary that on this side of the Atlantic Ocean there should be no misconception of the giant strength of Britain."

"We are driving through our problems, and if I come here to talk to this great expanding city of Canada,



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Come to the



DIRECTION VERNON G. CARDY

### IN HOW MANY COUNTRIES

AT NIGHT we go to bed to lie. Sheltered by kindly roof and sky, But in how many countries hover Mortals safe beneath no cover, Fearful of tomorrow's light.

In how many countries, alas! the night Is like a heavy smoke-screen curtain And only the uncertain grimly certain.

MAY RICHSTONE.

I wish to present myself before you as a citizen of a country which, old as she is, developed as she is, explored as she has been for many generations, is nevertheless growing steadily in wealth, in power, in knowledge and in strength."

His belief in the sound democratic instinct of the English-speaking world was evidenced in the same address of eleven years ago. In the light of the recent transfer of fifty destroyers to the British Navy a quotation from the same 1929 address does not lack interest. In reference to the United States he said:

"We know perfectly well that whatever ships they may think it right to build will never be used against us. We are sure of that. We know that our course and conduct will be such that no quarrel will arise. We know that ties of friendship and commerce link us year by year more closely to one another."

### His Life an Open Book

Then years ago Churchill leaped into prominence with the publication of the first volumes of "The World Crisis." By the general consent of literary critics he is unsurpassed as a historian of the first four decades of this century. A distinguished Swedish writer has referred to him as the Homer of the First Great War, and an eminent reviewer in a British journal has claimed that he is the

greatest writer on public questions since the time of Thucydides. Certainly when one reads his "World Crisis" there is the thrill of great deeds and world-shaking events which are associated in the mind as Homeric, and one marvels at the heroism and endurance of man.

One fact must commend him to men of good will everywhere, that his voice and pen have always been the servants of his fundamental convictions. Voice, pen and deeds have formed an open book to his countrymen. His life has been lived in the open and the record conceals nothing. It may be true that the British people have distrusted men of genius even when they have been men of the highest integrity, but times have changed the British people. The world crisis has developed the occasion when only men of genius are capable of riding the storm and bringing the ship of state safe to port.

In 1927 Knut Haberg, a Swede, in an appraisal of Churchill, stated: "He is incapable of telling a lie, small or great." His addresses as Prime Minister since last May have confirmed to the hilt this opinion. No public man in responsible office has been so capable of telling the stark ghastly truth till it hurts as he. He is believed everywhere on every statement. Except in their threats to do violence the dictators are believed nowhere. They are the modern adepts in the cult of lying.

Haberg says further: "Churchill has never been able to make any secret of the fact that for him the only value of existence lies in unremitting toil, the exertion of the will, and the endurance of suffering." This outline of character, so true in 1927, holds today. And it is the extension of such character into the lives of men and women following his dynamic leadership which will break the hearts of the dictators. While Pétain struggles to fashion from the wreckage of "liberty, equality and fraternity" the pattern of his long cherished totalitarian hopes, Winston is in "good heart" and clear conscience, wielding that giant strength of Britain and of short-of-war help of free men elsewhere which will save our souls alive for a better day.

# Greeks and Barbarians

BY DOROTHY BURR THOMPSON

THE events of the last few weeks have given an unexpectedly clear answer to the question which was inevitably asked as the war moved eastwards: "Will the modern Greeks stand against the modern barbarians?"

Greece, a tiny country of about the size of England without Wales, holds a vital corner of the inland sea. Her ports control access to the Balkans and to the Dardanelles. Germany pushing downward or Italy pushing eastward must force face some seven million Greeks, who have always been pro-British. Through the terrible war of independence that they fought in the early nineteenth century, they found England a valuable friend. To Byron, who died for their cause, to Gladstone, who gave them the prosperous Ionian islands, the modern Greeks are still grateful. Now-a-days, though extremists may decry the power of foreign capital, reasonable Greeks appreciate British assistance in their vital industries and public utilities. And for her very life, which is trade, Greece must adhere to the power that controls the sea.

The present equilibrium of Greece represents a delicate balance of international pressures. That on the east alone is friendly. The exchange of populations between Turkey and Greece in 1923 removed the major grounds for enmity between those countries. Active support from Turkey, however, depends on the goodwill of Russia. Russia would certainly not voluntarily back Greece or Turkey against Slavonic Bulgaria. In the spring of 1939 even, Russia, as a protest against the Greek treatment of Communists, deported all Greeks who were resident on the shores of the Black Sea. The young men were sent to Siberia; the old men, the women, and the children were dumped, helpless, in the Peiraeus to add to the country's burden of refugees.

Italy is Greece's more immediate

Bulgaria, cut off from the Mediterranean, is a resentful enemy. She might engage the sympathy of Germany for her claim to the east Thracian port of Dedeagatch, which is her "rightful" outlet to the north Aegean. Again, Yugo-Slavia might press similar claims for Salonica. Finally, Italy, in self-protection, must try to control Salonica, the one port from which Britain could counter-attack.

Germany has of late years insinuated her power into Greece. In the



**Motorized forces have trouble with bridges like this which crosses over the Peneus River, in the Pindus Mountains of Northern Greece.**

twenties Greece's best customers were England and the United States, who took her raisins, currants, tobacco, carpets and marbles. But when England turned to the Empire for her supplies and the States demanded gold, Germany entered the scene with offers of barter. Tobacco and fruit went north. In turn, Greece received, not the gold she desperately needed for the purchase of essentials like wheat, coal, meat, and manufactured goods, but whatever Germany allotted her munitions, hardware, and toys. By 1939 the quality of these articles had fallen so low as to embitter the Greek merchants.

Italy is Greece's more immediate

enemy. Hostility began when, in 1912, Italy seized the islands of the Dodecanese. This group of islands that lie off the southwestern tip of Asia Minor had, it is true, been under Turkish rule, but in culture had been Greek since 1000 B.C. The islanders, in their resentment at persistent attempts to Italianize them, have had the ill-concealed sympathy of old Greece. In Egypt, commercial rivalry between Greeks and Italians is strong. The present attack on Egypt has served only to increase the animosity of the large Greek population there who know that Italy eyes all Greeks as morsels to be swallowed in the great feast to come.

The tortuous coast-line of Greece and her islands offer tempting bases for Italian submarines and lairs for wary battleships. To many Greeks, as far back as 1939, on Good Friday, the most sacred day in the Greek calendar, the time seemed to have come. When the Italians occupied Albania, the Greeks held their breath. They knew that Corfu, Crete, perhaps also Salonica were the next logical steps. Popular feeling demanded resistance, and Metaxas, the dictator, whatever his feelings might have been, did not run counter to the demands of the people.

#### Dictator Metaxas

The British may be surprised that a dictator stands with the democracies. John Metaxas is a Greek; his motives are complex, his insight keen, his patriotism a ruling passion. Born of a distinguished family of the anglicized Ionian islands, he was educated in a German military college, where he won the nickname of "Little Moltke." His military genius was attested by success in the Balkan campaigns, by his good judgment in refusing to be chief of staff for the Smyrna expedition, and by an able design for the Gallipoli campaign. Unfortunately, the envelope containing the plan that he submitted to the British staff was returned unopened. Metaxas, his pride hurt, sided with the pro-German group and the queen, the Kaiser's sister, turned hopefully to him: "Only Johnny can save us." During Venizelos' ascendancy, Metaxas unsuccessfully tried to seize power, which he finally gained in 1936. Taking over the almost bankrupt and fractious country, he cleared the stage of all opposition by exiling his enemies to distant islands, where they remain, unconfined but impotent. He then reorganized the entire administration of the country. That he allowed Goebbels to teach him far too much, that he dissolved Parliament and took all the vital Cabinet posts himself, cannot be defended. But that he stabilized the currency, improved transportation, developed agriculture, and most amazingly eliminated graft from government bureaus—all these are admitted even by his enemies. Through the press, the radio, and gigantic posters he shouts to the Greeks to be above all Greeks, to forget parties and political theories and to unite for the development of their country. At the moment one can only pray that this firm hand can hold together a quarrelsome people.

#### What Chance Has Greece?

What chance has Greece against the Axis? Her morale is high. Disintegration might be effected by playing on party feelings and the irresistible temptation for revolution. An alarming number of Germans have already settled in the land, and their coming surely bodes no good. But propaganda can make little headway among the suspicious and sceptical people. Greeks question on principle any statement made in their press. In a military way, as they have shown, they can oppose Italy with credit. Their tough and enthusiastic soldiers, all trained by eighteen months of compulsory service, have done as well against Italians as on many past occasions against Turks and Bulgars. The efficiency of the supply systems is the greatest problem for an impoverished country with primitive communications.

It is not easy to forget the results



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of the earlier co-operation of the Axis powers in Greece. In 1687 a Venetian shell fired by a Bavarian gunner shattered the Parthenon. What price will the Greeks have to pay in 1940 for their courageous re-enrollment with democracy against the bar-barians?

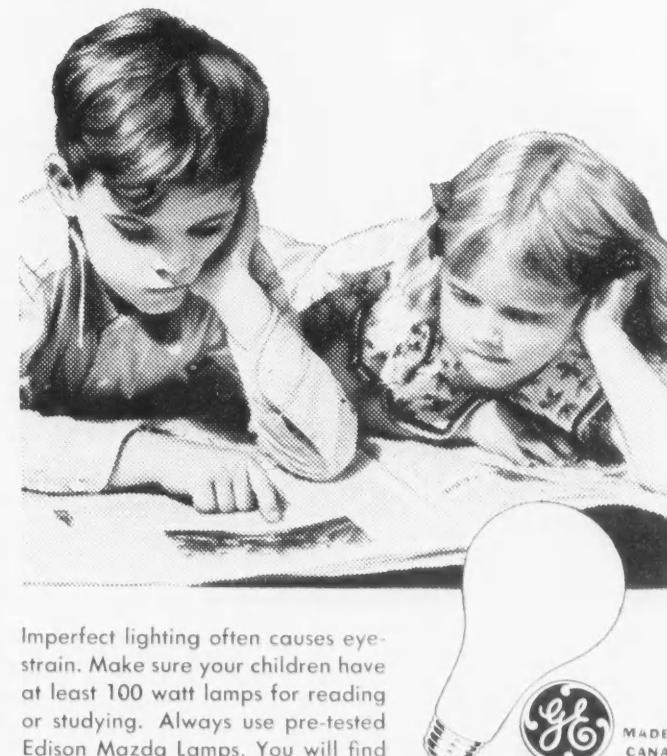
#### COMING EVENTS

AT HART HOUSE THEATRE, on December 3, at 8:45 o'clock, Jan Chamberlain will appear in a program of Character Sketches. Although she has appeared in a num-

ber of Hart House productions, this is Miss Chamberlain's first appearance as a monologist; she is herself the author of several of the sketches in which she will appear.

THE American Women's Club of Toronto is presenting a 3-act comedy "Danger Girls Working" by James Beach at the Eaton Auditorium Monday evening, November 25. Curtain at 8:30. Proceeds will go to the Red Cross War Work Fund. This is the first time in 20 years that the club has asked for public support of its social welfare and patriotic activities.

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## WEEK TO WEEK

### Mr. Willkie and the Mothballs

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IT IS A QUADRENNIAL subject of regret among Americans except when the defeated presidential candidate has made a particularly bad showing that the American Constitution makes no provision for the use of the services of the man who comes second for the presidency in the votes of the electoral college, no matter how close he may come to having a majority. And it is undoubtedly a most regrettable state of affairs, that the man who, of all the members of the defeated party, has been considered most likely to achieve victory should be sent back home with nothing to do for four years or possibly for the rest of his

life. Nevertheless, that is the way the United States Constitution works, and always has worked since it was discovered that it was unsafe to give the vice-presidency to the man who got the second largest number of

votes for the presidency, since the President and Vice-President were thus always of opposite political parties, and the temptation to assassination became dangerously strong.

Dissatisfaction with the idea of putting the defeated candidate away in moth-balls has never been stronger than it is at the moment in the case of Mr. Willkie. Mr. Willkie indeed is obviously a person who cannot be put away in moth-balls; he will manage to shake them off and climb out of the drawer to some place of reasonable eminence anyhow. But his friends and admirers are extremely anxious that he should continue to be the leader of what used to be the Republican party, and what is still the chief opposition party to the Democratic party. And there are undoubtedly very serious difficulties in the way of the realization of this desire.

IT IS, as I have said, a desire that has been felt every time that the defeated candidate has made a really good run and exhibited a really effective personality. But if I am not mistaken, the only case in which it has led to a successful subsequent candidacy is that of Grover Cleveland, after his defeat in 1888. But this was an absolutely unique case, for Cleveland had already been president from 1884 to 1888, and even in the latter year, although he lost the election, he had a plurality of the popular vote.

A much closer, but not encouraging, parallel is the case of William Jennings Bryan, who was Democratic candidate in 1896, in 1900, and in 1908, but never succeeded in getting elected. The dominant factor here was the fact that Bryan was the unquestioned and unquestionable leader of the soft money element in the Democratic party, and so long as that element held control of the party, there was no possibility of any other candidate.

It is conceivable that Mr. Willkie might build up somewhat the same kind of reputation for being the savior of the businessman of the United States as Bryan built up in the capacity of would-be savior of the debtor class and of the agrarian West. There is something of the same attitude towards the leader on the part of the followers of Mr. Willkie as there was on the part of the followers of Bryan; and even the method by which Bryan was chosen as candidate at the 1896 Convention bears more resemblance to the Willkie convention campaign than to anything else in American political history.

There is also a third similarity, in that a large element among the professional politicians of the party accepted Bryan without enthusiasm, and barely tolerated his economic ideas; his strength lay in his popularity with the masses. In precisely the same way, Mr. Willkie was put in over the heads of the professional politicians of the Republican party because he was believed, and indeed was ultimately shown, to have a very great power over the affections of that part of the electorate which resents the New Deal and everything associated with it.

BRYAN had a panacea which appealed to a large part of the electors to be almost a revelation from on high, confided to him as to the Moses who was to lead the down-trodden and dispossessed into the promised land of universal prosperity and security. This panacea was the free and unlimited coinage of silver, which is the kind of thing that an able advocate, possessed of immense oratorical power, could readily keep in the minds of the electors during the four-year interval between elections. It is an interesting question whether the free and unlimited enterprise of the businessman, the panacea which Mr. Willkie has

adopted and which he expounds with great ability but without the silver voice of the earlier orator, will turn out to have the same permanent merits as popular campaign material. Much will depend upon the condition in which the United States finds itself during the next four years. The great upturn in the price level, which finally took away all plausibility from the free silver theory, began about 1896, at the time of Bryan's first defeat; but it did not become effective for the production of general prosperity and the relief of the debtor class until several years later. During that quadrennium, therefore, the economic condition of the country continued to be such as to make it a fertile field for the Bryan idea.

It appears improbable, with a vast amount of war expenditure in the offing, that the next few years in the United States can be anything but a period of extreme prosperity, which a wise government will have to keep down, or rather to distribute as widely as possible, instead of seeking to afford it any artificial stimulus. This is not the kind of economic condition in which a hot-gospeller out of power is likely to be able to retain the ear of the populace; but there is of course the possibility that war prosperity may begin to peter out before the third year of Mr. Roosevelt's third term, and the electors may by that time have become habituated to regarding Mr. Willkie as their alternative savior.

THE great difficulty in the path of any presidential candidate who wants to remain politically alive during the four years after his defeat is the fact that the machinery of the party is not in his hands but in those of the Congressmen, and especially the Senators, actually sitting at Washington. In British countries the leader of the defeated party, if he is to remain leader, is provided somehow with a seat in the popular House; in the United States the defeated presidential candidate cannot be provided with any sort of a seat

### CONFETTI

IN THINLY-glazing ice  
The white-and-red-and-green  
And purple discs lie bound  
In a disordered flutter  
Which no wind can free.  
All down the steps of the great church  
They cling, where, just an hour ago,  
The wedding guests flung gay and  
glittering  
Silver and scarlet stars...  
Oh, Bride, with crown of moons  
Netted in mesh of stars  
Which sift and drop at every turn  
And drift, loosed from your hair,  
Treasure their falling!  
Unregarded else  
What the foot treads on—crescent  
And tiny moons a-ring.  
A firmament  
Made just for wedding nights,  
Impermanent,  
A lovely thing,  
Ethereal, swift vanishing!

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY.

anywhere. This means that he can exert practically no control over the behavior of the Opposition in the debates and votes of the governing body; and it means also that he has no sounding-board to amplify his personal voice when he expounds his personal ideas. Bryan had enough of a voice and sufficiently popular ideas to overcome this handicap. Mr. Willkie has the Willkie Clubs for a sounding-board, but it remains to be seen how long they will continue to sound. He has a set of excellent ideas, but they are subject to the political drawback that Mr. Roosevelt will probably draw closer and closer to them as his final term draws to its end. And he is not an orator.

And anyhow, it is the dispossessed, not the possessing, who make idols of their leaders and cling to them for a generation, defeat or no defeat. And Mr. Willkie is not the idol of the dispossessed.

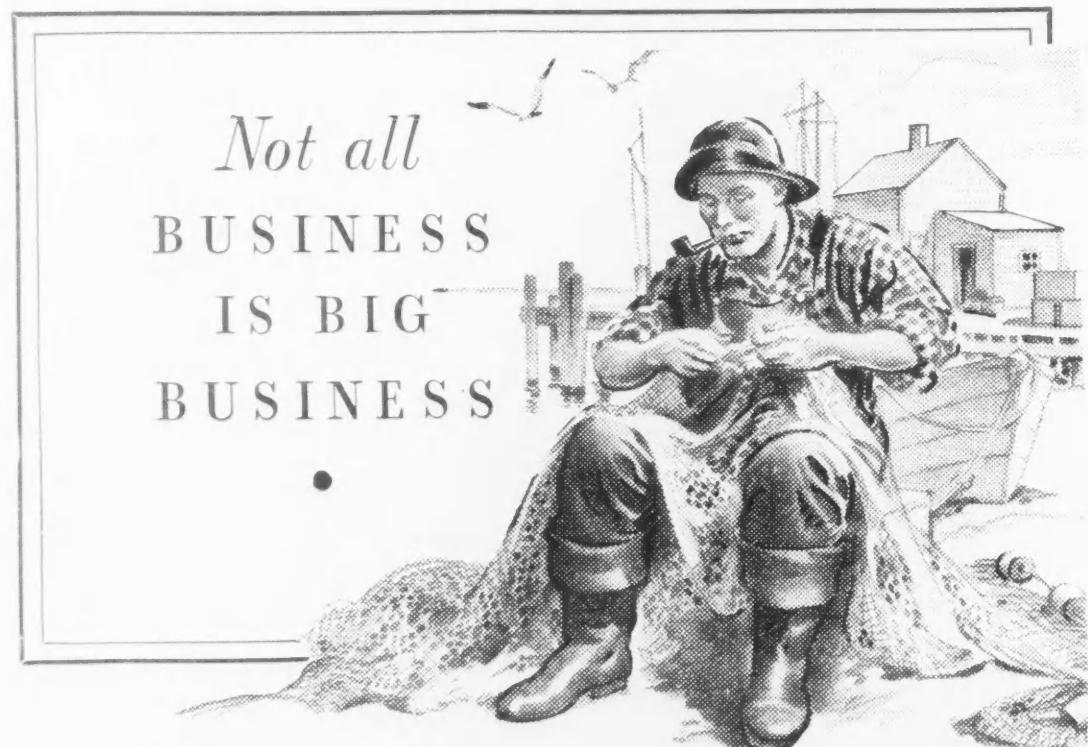
It is an interesting theme for speculation, that the United States has a leader looking for a vacant leadership, and Canada a vacant leadership looking for a leader. Could Mr. Willkie and the Dominion Conservatives get together?

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THE CHARTERED BANKS OF CANADA

# Laval, the Great Trickster

BY JACK ANDERS

ON THE French Socialist Congress at Nantes in 1894 Briand carried against strong opposition a motion which declared the general strike a legitimate weapon of the workers' movement. He was then one of the most violent revolutionary agitators France, never poor in such men, as seen.

In 1910 when trouble was brewing from Germany a great railway strike broke out in France. It threatened to develop into a general strike. Briand, Prime Minister then, crushed it with utter ruthlessness. When it was over he addressed himself, white with emotion, but calm, to his former comrades in the Chamber: "I will tell you something, you gentlemen of the extreme Left. If in the face of danger to the fatherland the law had not offered the possibility of protecting our frontiers and of safeguarding the life of the nation; then, in order to secure for themselves the command of the railways, an important instrument of the defense of the country, the government would have been compelled to use illegal means. Yes, they would have done that."

Raving with rage, Colly, a Socialist deputy, a giant, rushed towards Briand. "Let me strangle the dictator."

With difficulty Jaurès held Colly back. "Don't; if you biff him he is saved."

Marrylous the spirit and intelligence of those two men. Briand: the statesman who in an hour of external danger put the safety of the nation above his party and his past; who, on the other hand, would never have dreamed of crushing a strike that had not played into the hands of Germany. Jaurès: the politician who well knew that the country could not afford a strike just then; but who also knew that Briand could not afford to crush it if the Socialists kept cool heads. And, indeed, a couple of weeks later Briand's cabinet, the first in his career, fell.

## The Socialist Label

In 1914 M. Laval was sent into the chamber by the voters of a red-hot Paris constituency. In 1919 he lost his seat; partly because he displeased the left wing of his supporters by having done nothing against the war; partly because he displeased the right wing of his supporters by having done nothing for the war; nimbly he evaded military service although he was only thirty-one when it started, and physically quite fit.

The loss of his seat taught him his first lesson: he went still more Red than he had been before; and won a seat, in 1924. But he ran for election as an Independent; thus there was no party discipline that could force him to resign his seat if he changed over to the Right, as undoubtedly had been his intention before he started the campaign.

By 1931 he had arrived on the extreme Right and upon the insistence of Briand, who had taken him under his wing for a number of years past, was made Prime Minister. To say that Briand favored him because Laval was on the Right then would be to slander Briand's memory. It is almost an axiom in Europe that no one will get far in politics and political science unless he was, while young, a Socialist by conviction, though not necessarily by party affiliation. The stress lies on the word conviction. M. Laval obviously contented himself with the outward appearance of having been a Socialist. He regarded it as a ticket, and not as a training. What a contrast to Briand who in his old age returned to the ideals of his youth! When a man does that he is serious. Above all, he is a man.

M. Laval has not written memoirs yet. He probably never will: he is intelligent in his way and knows that Machiavelli has said it better. But it is safe to assume that the scene we related at the beginning impressed him deeply. Being what he is he would only have seen ruthlessness and shrewdness in it. He made them his motto. But not ruthlessness for his country; only for himself. And not shrewdness in the service of a

cause; only in his own service.

In February, 1932, M. Laval was forced to resign his premiership after having held office for thirteen months. During that period he certainly inflicted as much damage upon the world as one man could at that time. His cabinet was based entirely on the support of the parties of the Right. When Germany's banking system collapsed in July, 1931, hectic activity of the statesmen of all major countries tried to prevent world-wide chaos by giving an international loan to Germany. Backed by his majority which he would not abandon M. Laval insisted that the loan be accompanied by financial and political guarantees which Germany refused to give.

## Increased Depression

Mr. Hoover, President of the United States then, also opposed their imposition. He looked through M. Laval. The United States was to be in the syndicate that would give the loan. By sanctioning those guarantees the United States would have entered into an obligation which to evade was one of the reasons for its staying out of the League of Nations: the obligation to uphold the territorial settlements of Versailles. M. Laval apparently thought it clever policy to fool the United States through a backdoor into the League.

It would be exaggeration to say that by haggling over the Hoover moratorium M. Laval created the Great Depression of the thirties. But he certainly increased its severity.

He had to resign largely because of his insistence upon keeping the franc linked to sterling instead of linking it to the dollar as the Banque de France demanded. This caused enormous losses to the Banque when England left the gold standard.

Through the financial policy of his two premierships M. Laval has to bear a great part of the responsibility for the social and economic chaos in which France found herself at the outbreak of this war. He seems to have recognized himself that he had an unlucky hand in internal politics, and devoted more and more of his energy to foreign affairs.

The observer who is not fully aware of the extent of the internal havoc which M. Laval caused in France might be tempted to say that the external mess he made is greater. But this would be wrong: in neither sphere could any one man make a greater mess than M. Laval made in both.

He concluded a pact with Russia, but did nothing to reassure Russia about England. To be sure, it would have been difficult to persuade England, as her foreign policy then was, into joining. But he did not even try, and Moscow took note. He made a pact of friendship with Mussolini, apparently gave him a free hand in Abyssinia, and then allowed himself to be drawn into the sanctionist camp. But before he did so he tried to secure the assistance of the Belgian M. van Zeeland for the exact opposite: the deliverance of Abyssinia to Mussolini. A few months later he was shocked when Belgium proclaimed her neutrality and severed all her alliances.

## Cunning Misfired

Again M. Laval's cunning had misfired: he did not take into account that M. van Zeeland must have been disgusted to see how M. Laval betrayed in cold blood small and helpless nations. He made overtures to Hitler, but did not follow them up; for he was suddenly afraid to lose the goodwill of England, Russia, and Italy which he had done nothing to that those countries could not trust him if at the same time he professed to be friendly with their mortal enemy Mussolini.

But let us end the sorry list. M. Laval seems to have been impressed by the successes which Hitler achieved through cunning. Indeed, the two men have much in common: on the negative side the complete absence of character and a far-going lack of disciplined intelligence; on

the positive side a more-than-normal amount of cunning. But in Hitler cunning is combined with profuse imagination, and M. Laval has none of that. He is just a trickster. Moreover, Hitler and Ribbentrop can look back upon a long tradition: from the arch-intriguers and turncoats Baron von Neurath and Prince Buelow to Prussia's king Frederick II, called the Great, who in his abject cynicism and contempt of man posed to his Academy of Sciences the prize question "S'il est peut être utile de tromper le peuple?" M. Laval wanted to deceive not only his people, but all peoples. But unlike Hitler he has not the questionable greatness of making a virtue of it. To him cunning is only the means to an end which he has not thought out.

He began his career as a Socialist; his first trick. He never was one at heart. He gave himself a character that was not his. So he lost only a character which he did not possess. Only in one point has he never wavered for almost ten years now (and that is a long loyalty for a man like him): his allegiance to the two hundred families. If this were not so M. Flandin might be in his place today. For M. Flandin is more versatile and would certainly conciliate the Nazis more effectively because he is a Nazi himself. But the main thing that has so far survived in prostrate France is the influence of the two hundred.

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# THE HITLER WAR

## Hitler's New Knockout Plan

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

AFTER apparently making an agreement for collaboration of some sort with Russia, Hitler is now busy filling in the chinks of his "Eurasian Bloc." It is not clear whether it is merely a political coup, the sudden announcement that all Europe is under his leadership and most of Asia associated with it, that he is pursuing in his dealings with Spanish, Hungarian, Roumanian and Bulgarian visitors, or whether there are to be early military moves in Spain and Bulgaria. The answer may be both. If he were only preparing a drive through Bulgaria he would hardly have to deal with Spain at the same time, nor would he be wasting his time with the Hungarians and Roumanians, whose acquiescence in the passage of his troops was gained long ago.

But there are many peculiar things about this possible drive through Bulgaria. If it were part of a combined Axis plan for a move through Turkey to the Near East, then surely Mussolini's attack on Greece would have been held back to coincide with it. It is very strange how that drive was launched, apparently overnight; how Hitler and Keitel rushed down to Florence when it began; how German propaganda disclaimed any connection with it; and how Germany has allowed the thing to drag out almost into a fiasco without rendering any aid. For some time I attributed the latter to a plan for forcing Mussolini to first accept common German leadership of the Axis forces.

### Turkey and Syria

Turkey has had time to consider her position, and the relative value to her of German, Russian or British protection. The whole tone of her press and public statements suggests that she has made up her mind to fight under any circumstances, even if Russia should join Germany in an attempt to force her capitula-

tion or carry out her partition, trusting to Britain as her only dependable friend. The idea that Stalin has made a deal to sweep Turkey out of Germany's path to the Near East is far from convincing.

But even in the improbable case that he has, and that he would be prepared to put an army in the field to carry it through, it must be recognized that a Soviet Army operating in Armenia would have by no means the power of one operating on the outskirts of the great supply base and rail centre of Leningrad. The Turks, besides, hold the strategic key to this region in Kars, which they secured after the last war.

Then, behind Turkey, Syria has had time to change her mind. The influence of the Italian commissioners who have been trying for three months to disarm the country and gain control of its arsenals and aerodromes must have sunk to about zero, while British prestige has risen greatly with the strengthening of all arms of our Middle Eastern Command and the success at Taranto. Certainly the outlook for a Turkish and Syrian capitulation which would place Axis forces on the northern border of Palestine has greatly altered in the past few weeks. I doubt if the Germans ever intended to fight their way across Anatolia in the midst of winter.

The prospect of an Italian-escorted expedition from the Dodecanese to Syria, if it ever existed, has vanished (and the Dodecanese themselves are more likely to fall). And

even the prospect of the Axis obtaining the use of Syrian aerodromes with the co-operation of the local forces in defending them against the Turks and British, which came up after Laval's talk with Hitler, has diminished.

A German move across Bulgaria would be more likely, therefore, to have one of the following purposes. It might be intended as a purely emergency move to rescue the Italians from disaster in Albania—although this would not secure Italy from disaster on other war fronts, at sea, or from bombing on the home front. Hitler might determine to conquer Greece to keep the British from securing a foothold in the Balkans. Or this whole Greek affair may be intended as a blind to draw British attention and forces away from Egypt to facilitate Graziani's task of capturing Alexandria—perhaps aided by those swarms of Junkers dive-bombers which have been noticeably missing from the Battle of Britain lately.

### Alexandria Objective

For the capture of Alexandria must be the main object of any Axis campaign in the Eastern Mediterranean, and Graziani's Army offers the most straightforward means of doing it. Once Alexandria were lost, the British Navy could not long remain about especially if the Axis had at the same time besieged Gibraltar and planted heavy artillery on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar, and perhaps tried to capture Malta as well.

Now I think we are getting a little closer to Hitler's new plan for winning a quick decision in the war. In an article in this series just over three months ago I suggested that when he failed in his frontal attack on the British Isles he would attempt to organize a combined assault, with Spain, Italy and Japan, on British sea communications and naval bases. It looks as though this is what he is now about.

After all, when you consider his problem, which is to defeat Britain before American aid swings the preponderance of power, and especially air-power, to her, does a Mediterranean or Near Eastern campaign by itself promise him decisive enough results?

By closing Gibraltar and taking Alexandria he could force the British Navy to evacuate the Mediterranean. This would be a great strategic victory for Germany when she had time to exploit it, but in the meantime Britain would go on receiving the supplies of India, Malaya, the Dutch Indies, Australia and New Zealand via the Cape route, where they have passed since early this year. Is it not to prey on this route that Germany is so much interested in Dakar and Spain's Canary Islands?

### Atlantic Supply Line

Far more important to Britain just now than this main route of empire, however, is the North Atlantic supply line from Canada and the United States. No decisive results could be had from cutting the others and Germany can't "cut" them, but can only harass them—if this remained open. Therefore the plan would have to include greatly intensified submarine and surface raider activity in the North Atlantic and heavy air attacks against the incoming convoys and the ports at which they unload.

These conditions certainly appear to be satisfied by recent developments. Submarine, surface raider and air attacks against shipping to the West of Ireland has lately reached a new fury, as has also the bombing of British ports, particularly Liverpool. This would also explain the shifting of what Rome claims to be "several dozen" Italian submarines to the Atlantic. It might explain the reported attempts to gain the "co-operation" of the French Fleet as mainly an effort to use its submarines. It would explain the interest in Spain as more than a desire to get at Gibraltar, but also to use Spanish harbors. Already Italian submarines have been reported at Tangier.

If through Spain Germany could dominate Portugal, the Azores cry



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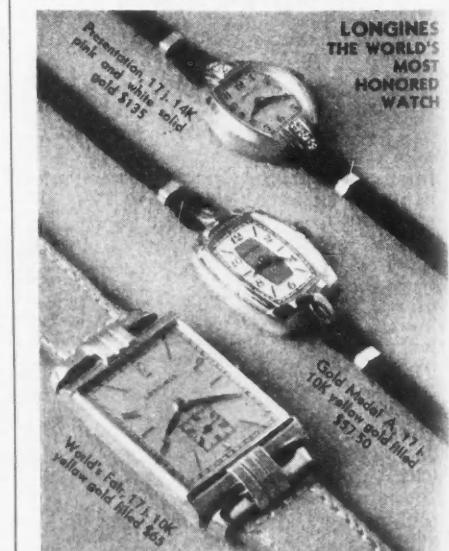
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out as her main objective. A glance at the globe shows what a base for U-boats and surface raiders these would be. Of course the British Navy would have to undertake to dislodge the Germans from these islands, but Narvik and Dakar showed how difficult and costly that can be when the enemy has had a chance to establish himself; and besides the Navy might be wanted at a great many other points at the same time.

The kernel of this plan—if this really is Hitler's plan—would seem to be to launch many more or less simultaneous attacks against British bases and send out a number of powerful surface raiders, so as to disperse

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British naval power as widely as possible. An attempt might be made at the same time, for instance, to seize Iceland as still another raiding base against North Atlantic trade. There is abundant evidence that the Nazis had their eyes on Iceland for years, in the number of "scientific" expeditions which they sent to explore the island, the flattering interest they took in Icelandic culture, the number of scholarships they offered young Icelanders in Nazi universities, and then, typically enough, the proposal to establish a German "commercial" air base on the island. It would be no feat to sneak a force across from the north of Norway—a force which Mr. Hambro has warned us is in readiness there—in the murky darkness which prevails in those latitudes at this time of year; and our garrison may be none too big and must suffer terribly from boredom, feeling itself a million miles from the war. It would

seem to be a good idea to relieve these men from time to time.

Then of course, Japan is to attack Hong Kong and Singapore. Hitler has been aiding her toward an agreement with Russia and she has offered peace terms to China, to clear herself for action to the southward. Transports and troops are said to wait at Hainan and Formosa. An agreement is suspected with Siam which would allow Japan to place troops on the Malay Peninsula, on the other side of Penang and Singapore.

Here is menace enough. But on closer examination the plan appears far more complicated and uncertain than that which Hitler executed so brilliantly last Spring. That was a matter of land and air power, in which Germany was supreme; when Hitler came to a ditch only 20 miles wide protected by sea-power he was stuck. Here he faces sea-power operating over the broad oceans, and it is hard to see how he is going to conquer it without sea-power of his own.

#### LACKS BATTLESHIPS

He does possess some elements of modern sea-power, submarines and planes, but is almost totally lacking in the main and decisive element: the battleships. Japan has these, it is true. But Singapore is immensely strong and its modern aeroplane defense, Hurricanes, Blenheims and Hudsons, is probably much superior to anything the Japanese could send against it. There is besides, the supreme gamble which the Japanese must make, of leaving their home base unprotected and placing themselves between the bigger United States fleet and a squadron of Britain's powerful new King George V Class battleships which may have been detached from the Mediterranean fleet since Taranto, and sent hurrying eastwards.

The Italian chances of taking Alexandria seem to me even poorer, near as they are and though they may have the aid of German dive-bombers. Libya is too poor a base and its supply lines too insecure to support a great air force, and the tide seems to have turned against the Italians. What reason is there to expect the Italian Army of Libya to fight better than the Army of Albania? A captured Fascist lieutenant, asked in Salonika this week about the morale of his troops, shrugged his shoulders and placed his hand down near the floor: "It is that low." It has not stopped sinking yet. Right now Italy is a liability and no longer an asset to Germany. "The Axis"—what does that actually mean any more?

Italy's failure is having a profound effect all through the Mediterranean. It has probably cost Germany any chance she ever had of getting into French North Africa or Syria, though that may not mean that these colonies will immediately swing back into the war on our side. Whether it has also determined Spain to stay out of the war, or whether Spain can stay out of the war, remains to be seen. But if Germany begins a siege of Gibraltar she is going to use up a great deal of ammunition and probably still be at it when this is all over.

Of the whole plan, the war on shipping presents the greatest menace.

#### IDEOLOGIES

Socialism: You have two cows you give one to your neighbor.

Communism: You have two cows—you give both to the government.

Fascism: You have two cows—you keep the cows, give the government the milk. The government sells part of the milk back to you.

Nazism: You have two cows—government shoots you, takes both cows.

New Deal: You have two cows—government shoots one cow, milks the other cow and pours the milk down a sewer.

Capitalism: You have two cows—you sell one cow and buy a bull.

Democracy: You have two cows, one of them gets sick; the bank rings up every fifteen minutes to see how it is—no foolin'. One cow dies, the bank seizes the other one, then asks you to send up the milk can, the churn, and if it does not smell too bad, the manure. In the meantime you go on relief.

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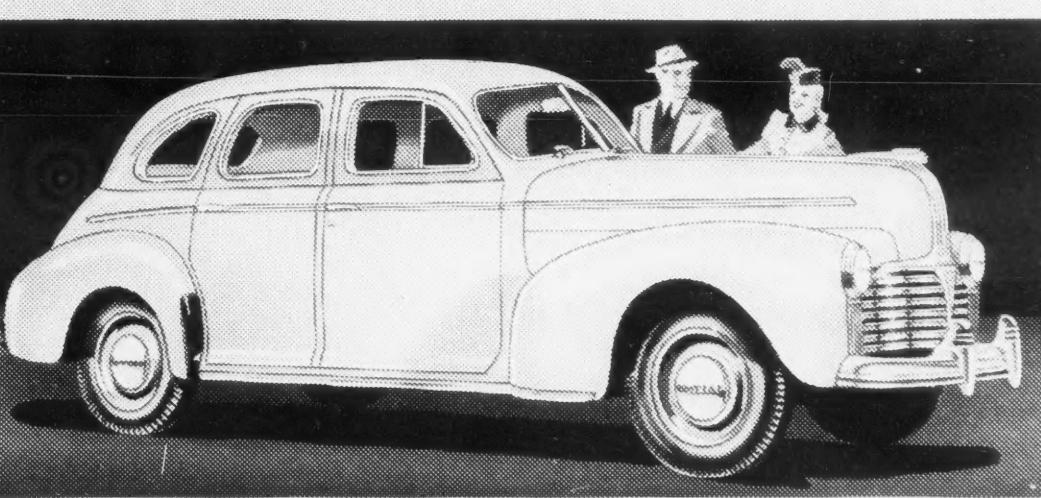


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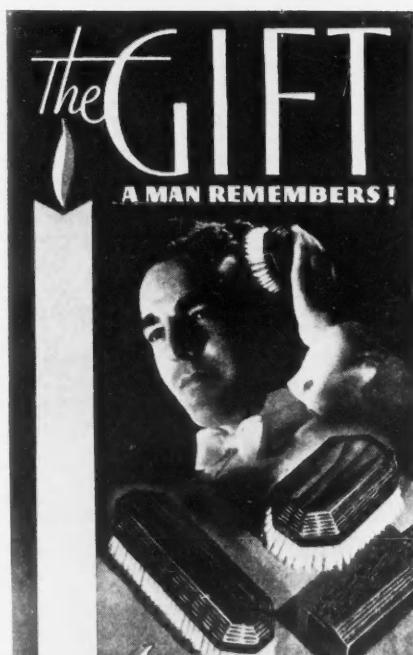
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P-541

# PONTIAC



# Is Canada Setting Up a Gestapo?

BY J. L. COHEN, K.C.

I HAVE been asked to deal with some of the features of the Defence of Canada Regulations; particularly the internment clauses.

For the purpose of illustration I select as case history the arrest and detention of J. A. (Pat) Sullivan.

Sullivan, or to give him his full name, James Alan Patrick Sullivan, is President of the Canadian Seamen's Union. It is common knowledge that the Seamen's strike this spring was the major industrial dispute this year in central Canada, perhaps in the Dominion.

On the 18th of June Sullivan was arrested in Toronto. In due course I ascertained his whereabouts and was advised that the arrest had been made under the authority of Regulation 21, and that under that order

he was to be interned. Regulation 21 provides that the Minister of Justice may order the internment of any person if in his opinion this should be done in order to prevent such person "from acting in any manner prejudicial to the public safety or to the safety of the state."

Any interned person objecting to his detention could forward his objection to a one-man committee appointed by the Minister and called an Advisory Committee. It was generally thought, I believe, that these committees and the hearings before them would provide a forum and a means of trial after the arrest and detention effected on the Minister's order.

Sullivan completed his notice of objection and in reply received a

communication stating as follows: "I have been directed by the Committee appointed by the Minister of Justice to deal with your objection to your detention to advise you that your detention has been deemed necessary in the interest of the state because representations have been made that you are a member of the Communist Party of Canada, a subversive organization which is opposed to the interests of Canada. In view of this it would appear that you are disloyal to Canada."

It is obvious, of course, that this communication, while going through the motion of furnishing grounds for the detention, fails entirely to do so.

It gives the conclusion reached by the Minister, but fails to indicate in any way upon what the conclusion is based. Under these circumstances, although I did not directly decline, I avoided any immediate hearing by the committee upon Sullivan's case. Public announcement had been made that the whole question of the Defence of Canada Regulations would be referred to a special parliamentary committee. I considered it proper, therefore, to await the result of the work of that committee before dealing further with any internment cases.

In due course the committee reported and amendments were effected. Let us examine them. The first provides that the Advisory Committee, on receiving notice of objection,

"shall give such directions as may be convenient and necessary for the prompt and just disposition of the objection." Note the words "prompt and just."

More particularly a further amendment provides that it is the duty of the Advisory Committee to inform the objector within a reasonable time before the hearing, "of the grounds on which the order has been made against him," and further that it furnish the accused person, "with such particulars as are, in the opinion of the Committee, sufficient to enable him to present his case."

## Should Know Why

One would have thought, even allowing for the intricacies of lawyer's language, that it was reasonably clear now that the detained person was to know specifically why he was held, so that he could direct his objections to specific allegations.

After these amendments were effected further correspondence ensued between the Department and me in respect to a hearing. Upon a date being suggested I wired the Department agreeing to the date, "provided I can receive sufficiently in advance of hearing or of interview with client sufficient particulars of grounds alleged to enable proper preparation of case."

In reply I was informed by the Department of Justice, by communication dated the 9th, as follows: "I beg to state that you and Mr. Sullivan have already been supplied with particulars, which, in the opinion of the Committee appointed by the Minister of Justice to deal with this case, are sufficient to enable Mr. Sullivan to present his case."

The result is, therefore, that despite the representations which had been made by the Civil Liberties Association and others to the Prime Minister and the Minister of Justice; despite the report made to the House of Commons, unanimously, by the Parliamentary Committee; despite the amendment of Regulation 22 with its explicit direction that the detained person be provided with "such particulars as, in the opinion of the Committee, are sufficient to enable him to present his case," the situation with respect to the Sullivan case remained in September 1940, and still does, precisely at the point at which it rested on the 19th day of July when, in the first and only communication concerning the reason for his arrest and detention Sullivan was advised that "representations have been made that you are a member of the Communist Party of Canada."

I do not speak arbitrarily when I say that I do not know of any means or method by which a counsel I cannot speak about a detained person can prepare or deal with a charge or trial based upon an allegation so bereft of any particularity.

## The General Policy

It involves an analysis and an account of the prisoner's life and activities, for goodness only knows how long a period before the arrest and detention, which exhausts all practical possibilities. The method of the psychoanalyst, with its daily confession over a period of months and sometimes years, disclosing what I understand is called the full stream of consciousness, so that the whole life pattern can be examined, would be more in point.

So far as I know, the position of the Department taken in the Sullivan case with respect to the furnishing of particulars represents its general policy.

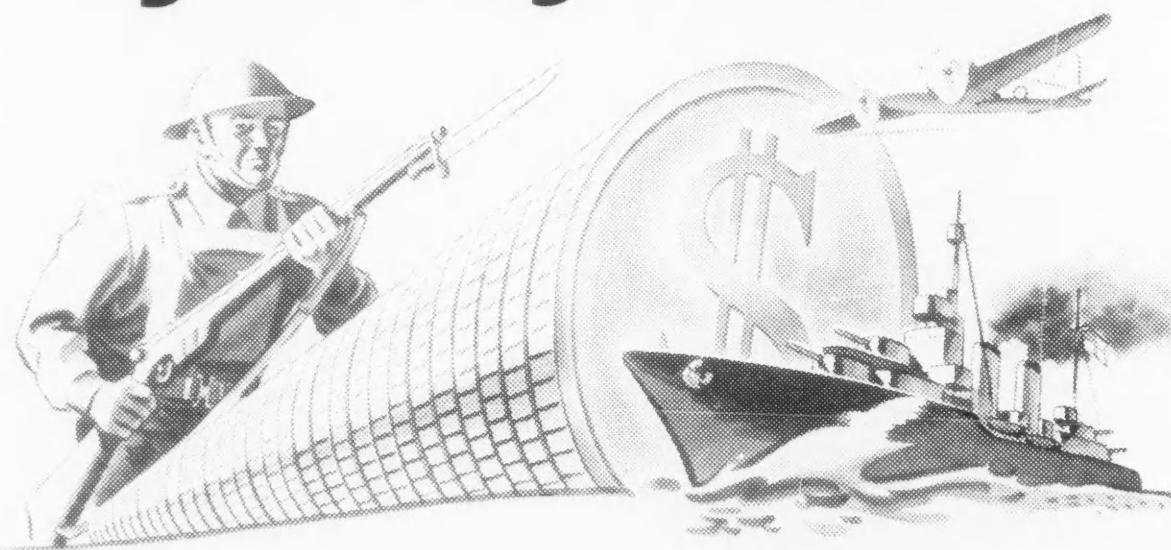
Does the Regulation, administered by the policy illustrated, encourage at least suspicion that its use may be associated, at least in part, with class or economic or political interests?

Let us examine two or three of the cases, and again the Sullivan case to begin with.

Sullivan's arrest took place just as the Conciliation Board was about to enter into private conference with the union and the major companies for the purpose of trying to effect an agreement.

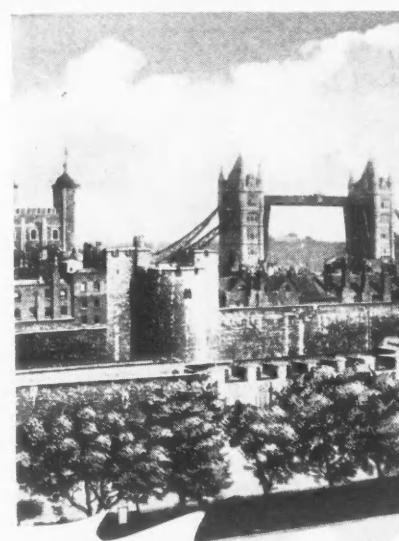
Sullivan's arrest seemed to fit in with the interests, at the moment, of

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the employers. The Department asserts that this was "the long arm of coincidence." I, personally, accept this assurance in good faith. But I am not a seaman, relying upon the union and its executive officers for concrete results in the matter of my livelihood. If I were, and found myself directly and injuriously affected by Sullivan's arrest just as he is to step to bat for the winning run, I might feel differently. So might you.

Take the case of one David Sinclair. Sinclair, editor of the union paper, was arrested in Montreal and interned early in the month of September. The only grounds disclosed in his case are that representations have been made that he is (a) a member of the Communist Party, (b) a Communist agitator.

A day or two before Sinclair's arrest ballots had been counted on a vote ordered by the Conciliation Board, the result of the vote being some 95% or 97% in favor of union representation. On the day of Sinclair's arrest he filed with the Canadian Press in Montreal a statement announcing the result of the vote, to be followed by negotiations for an agreement with the particular company affected. The press announcement did not appear the next day, but neither did Sinclair.

There are probably as good reasons for the non-appearance of one as for the disappearance of the other, and reasons quite independent each of the other. I do not know them. You do not know them. The seamen and their friends do not know them. What conclusions, however erroneous, would you arrive at if you were a seaman?

### The Case of Murray

One other incident, and again from the seamen's union. During the past month, one R. Charles Murray, son of a Nova Scotia clergyman, was arrested, and is now detained under the authority of Regulation 21. Who is Murray? I can only tell you what I have myself been told since retained. Murray had for some time been active in the labor movement in the Maritimes, particularly in the fishermen's local of the Seamen's Union in the Lockeport area.

On the 10th of June the Union, over the signature of Ben MacKenzie, its local President, invited a conference with employers "for the purpose of reaching an agreement on the price of herring for the coming season." On the 15th of June there was addressed to Charles Murray, c/o Ben MacKenzie, Lockeport, the following peculiar communication:

"Dear Sir:

"I have good reason to believe that you are again endeavoring to stir up labor trouble at the fish plants at Lockeport, and I must now tell you that my patience in this is exhausted. I am convinced from your actions throughout this whole business that your motives are entirely selfish and that your paramount desire is to keep a job for yourself. If your desire was to organize the fish workers in a strong respectable labor organization, you would not have adopted the tactics which you did at the very beginning, and now that the fishermen have been organized into unions you would at least wait a reasonable time to see if the fishermen were getting a fair deal from their union officials and from the fish companies.

"Apparently you have no such desire and your intention now is to again stir up trouble. Well, let me tell you that you will not be permitted any longer to disturb industrial relations in the province of Nova Scotia. Up to the present everyone has been unduly patient with you and your ilk. No matter how many denials and protestations to the contrary you may make, you are a Communist and as such you deserve to be treated in the same manner as I would be treated if I endeavored to carry on in Russia as you are doing in Nova Scotia.

"I warn you now to desist from your efforts to create industrial trouble, and I warn you too that your conduct will from now on be very carefully watched, and examined, and if I find that you do not quit this sort of business then it will be most certainly the worse for you. I am giving you this final word of warning. My advice to you is to get out of Lockeport and stay out, because you



This is a Bolton-Paul Defiant, the deadly two-seated fighter which won local superiority in the air over Dunkirk during the historic evacuation of the British Army from Flanders, and is now helping to win supremacy in the air over London, where German bombers are focussing.

have never from the moment you entered the place been of any service either to the fish companies or to the workers."

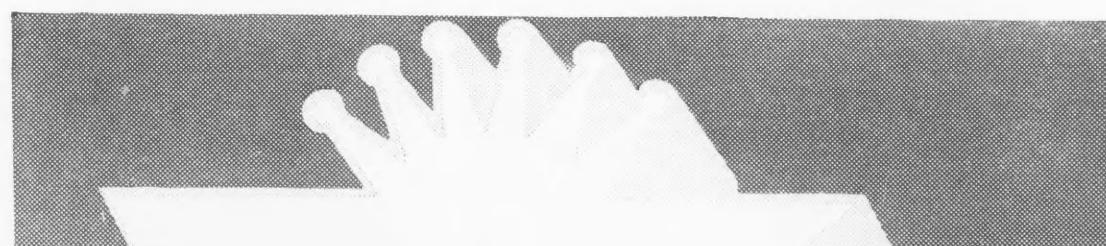
Again in the case of Murray, the only reason given for his detention on order of the Minister is that representations have been made that he is a member of the Communist Party.

No proceedings which fail to bring to light specific and adequate reasons for these detentions, in a manner which enables the accused to deal with them fairly and properly, can dispel such suspicion.

It must not be thought that concern or interest in these matters is necessarily confined to the immediate trade-union or family connections of those interned, or merely to such a group of shall I say detached intellectuals as the members of the Civil Liberties Association.

Throughout society, civil or official, and perhaps even military, there are common threads of interest, of viewpoint and of reaction, along which thoughts or anxieties telegraph themselves with persistence and regularity. It is to these people, and to the values represented by them, that the following quotation may suggest much thought and perhaps some fear:

"It is the unpopular people who are the first victims of any Gestapo. The turn of the more reputable citizens comes next, when, after having acquiesced in injustices being done to people they dislike, they find that their own shield against injustice has been destroyed." This is a quotation from the *Globe and Mail* of October 12, Mr. McAree's Fourth Column. I hope there is no sequel from a Fifth.



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# Great Britain, Egypt and World History

BY NORMAN W. DEWITT

THE role played by Egypt in modern World History is not so well known as the part it played in Bible times. The reason lies in the fact that World History as a form of historical writing dates only from the nineteen-twenties. It is thus possible for intelligent readers to be familiar with individual events and to be unaware of the pattern they weave in the web of World History. This statement applies even to British people and their own Empire.

The shape of things today in the Mediterranean dates back to a ridiculous incident. On April 30, 1827 the Dey of Algiers was giving

audience to the French consul. Possibly the Frenchman pressed a trifle too hard upon the topic of piracy, because the Dey suddenly lost his temper and whacked the consular skull with the handle of his fly-swatter. Perhaps the consul was bald and the temptation unusual; we are not informed. At any rate the gentleman felt that he had been insulted. When his official report reached Paris after a couple of weeks—there were no steamships, railways or telegraph in 1830—the Government felt quite the same way about it. It was agreed

that no great Power could suffer its consuls to be swatted in such a fashion.

It was no *blitzkrieg* that France began against Algiers. Almost three years passed before diplomatic *chinoiserie* ended in hostilities. Then, however, a right thorough job was made of it. Warships and transports were despatched to Africa in ample numbers. The city was quickly occupied and not only the Dey himself but also his buzzing harem, his sulky ministers, and his 2500 surly Janissaries were made prisoners. No phys-

ical revenge was taken upon them; they were merely placed on shipboard, treated to a sea voyage and deposited in Asia Minor, which was quite proper, because the Sultan of Turkey was their suzerain.

Thus the Dey of Algiers disappeared from the pages of history and all unintentionally a chain of events was started which resulted in the development of the second French Colonial Empire, in the awakening of the belated countries, Germany and Italy, and in the emergence of a new concept of imperial responsibility, especially British. History is the evolution of the unintended.

## France's Free Hand

At first the French were concerned only with suppressing the Barbary pirates, who had enjoyed three centuries of license. This chore of police work should rightly have fallen to Spain, but the Spaniards had not recovered from over-exertions of the sixteenth century. As for Italy, her coasts were still good game for the pirates. Great Britain was not interested, because, strange to say, Gibraltar in those days served her the purpose of keeping the pirates out of the Atlantic. The life-line round the Cape was secure.

Thus the French enjoyed a fairly free hand. First they penetrated a bit into the hinterland, because the roots of piracy struck deep, but the rewards repaid the costs. Trade revived. Tunis on the east and Morocco on the west were gradually invaded. Then the ambition of reviving Roman Africa began to actuate the colonial leaders. Highways and irrigation works were constructed. Thus French engineers gained experience under tropical conditions, and valuable schooling was accumulated for the Egyptian adventure.

The British, on the other hand, had been similarly schooled in India. The two races met in Egypt. The country offered a profitable field of exploitation during the reign of the enterprising Prince Said, for whom Port Said was named. In those days the British held a primacy in railroad construction; it was they who built the first line from Alexandria to Cairo in 1856. The first improvements in the irrigation works, however, were made by French engineers. We all know too how they constructed the Suez Canal between 1859 and 1869, remarkable for other reasons, as the Greeks used to say, but especially because the laborers were fed on onions and radishes.

## British Protectorate

Well known to all is the story of Said's spendthrift successor, Ismail, who sold his 176,602 shares of stock in the Suez Canal Company to the British. Meanwhile the debt of Egypt had mounted so rapidly that control of the finances was placed in charge of an international joint commission. This was followed by dual control or "condominium" under England and France. The country was rapidly developing as a European storm-center.

All eyes turned that way when a dangerous insurrection broke out in 1883. The local government was helpless. Then something happened that deserves to be remembered. The British proposed, first to France, then to Italy, that they should join in sending a military force to restore order. Both declined. Thus the British had no alternative but to put down the rebellion unaided, which they did. From this date began the British protectorate, 1883.

With this protectorate began the revolution in the modern concept of empire that eventually was construed as "trusteeship for humanity" and created later the practice of conferring "mandates" upon the more responsible nations. This new concept stands in contrast to those of the Russian colonial empire, erected secretly in the heart of Asia, and the similar French empire in equatorial Africa, which was a final sequel to the Algerian incident of 1827.

The feature of the Egyptian situation that rendered it different from all others was the blazing publicity that played upon it. The operations

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of the Russians in Central Asia, like those of the French in equatorial Africa, were beyond observation. Even in India there was as yet no special world interest in what the British were doing. In Egypt, however, the light was never turned off. To the French people it appeared as if they were being elbowed out of a profitable field of exploitation. This indignation was diligently supplied with hot applications by the bankers and bondholders, who were creditors to the amount of two billion francs, but not these recent two-for-a-nickel francs, but the good old kind, worth 2902 grams of pure gold or 19.3 red American cents of the pre-Roosevelt mintage. The outcry of these coupon-cutters, like the shot fired at Lexington, was heard around the world. Every move of the British in the land of Moses was promptly reported in the chancelleries of Europe.

## A Trusteeship

The British were fully aware that this prying publicity was inescapable. From the very first, therefore, their behavior was impeccable, and even the most self-righteous partisan will hardly deny that ethical standards were upheld a trifle through hostile inspection. To the world at large it was made clear that no cash profit would accrue to the British government through the Egyptian occupation. Regularly the Sultan of Turkey received his half million pounds of annual tribute. Regularly the bondholders in Paris were remitted the precious interest on loans. With the French engineers in charge of the Suez Canal there was never, and is not today, the slightest interference. To the Egyptian people came liberation from usurers and extortions; to their children, education.

In brief, the British protectorate was a trusteeship before ever slow-witted politicians had coined the

## Ninety-Second Annual Report

OF THE

## CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY OF TORONTO

Year ended 30th September, 1940

YOUR Directors present herewith the Ninety-second Annual Report of the operations of the Company, together with the Financial Statements for the year ended September 30th, 1940.

The financial results of the Company's operations in 1940 show unmistakably the effect of a number of adverse factors brought about by the war.

Notwithstanding the unusual conditions which have existed, the output of gas has been well maintained, and the quantity of coke sold was 35 per cent. greater than that sold in 1939.

The gross operating revenue for the year amounted to \$7,271,118, and exceeded by \$124,136, the amount required to meet operating expenses, taxes, actual repairs and renewals and the regular dividend.

Operating expenses, including taxes, amounted to \$5,334,324, and compare with \$5,148,300 in 1939.

Increases in the cost of coal, and of other necessary materials, the higher wages paid for labour, and greatly increased taxation have added materially to the operating costs. The additional expenditure is principally of an uncontrollable class and is related directly to Canada's war effort. The Shareholders will realize that these are matters beyond the control of the Directors.

As a protection against possible sabotage, special guards are being continued on duty at the Manufacturing Plants. The cost to the Company of this precautionary measure last year was \$21,900.

Upon the declaration of war, the exchange rate on United States funds rose to 11 per cent. The cost to the Company of exchange on remittances to the United States during the year was \$129,777. This amount represents an additional item of expense not encountered in recent years, but which is unavoidable since unfortunately the United States is the only practical source of the Company's coal supply.

The total amount charged in the accounts for the year for direct taxes which includes property taxes, Dominion Income and Excess Profits Tax and Ontario Corporations Tax, reached a level higher than in any previous year, the total being \$646,498, an increase over last year of \$97,241. For every dollar received from the sale of gas 12.2 cents were paid to the taxing authorities. The corresponding figures for 1939 and 1920 were 7.2 cents and 4.8 cents respectively.

The following summary shows the total effect of the items of increased expenditure referred to in the three preceding paragraphs:

Protection of Plants	\$ 21,900
Exchange on United States Funds	129,777
Taxes	97,241
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$248,918</b>

Changes in Dominion Government taxation were made during the year as follows:

Under the provisions of the War Budget, passed on September 12th, 1939, the Income Tax on corporations was increased from 15 per cent. to 18 per cent., the increased rate to apply to the income of 1940.

The Dominion Budget, presented June 24th, 1940, provided:

- (1) That the Income Tax and Excess Profits Tax together, should not be less than 30 per cent. This rate to apply on income earned after January 1st, 1940.
- (2) That, effective June 24th, 1940, a War Exchange Tax of 10 per cent. on the invoice price plus exchange, would be levied on all goods imported, other than goods entering under the British Preferential Tariff.

The full effect of this latter item of taxation will not be felt until next year.

On February 24, 1940, the Ontario Corporations Tax was amended to temporarily increase the tax on the net income of corporations from 2 per cent. to 5 per cent. for a period of two years, commencing January 1st, 1939, and terminating December 31st, 1940.

In view of this added burden, the attention of the Shareholders is directed to the fact that the position of the Company with respect to taxation is entirely different from that of its principal competitor, the Toronto Hydro-Electric System, whose properties are

virtually tax free. The freedom from taxation enjoyed by that System places an unfair handicap upon the Company in meeting the intense competition encountered from that source.

The Toronto Hydro-Electric System in its report for the year 1939, stated that the total taxes paid amounted to only \$39,378, and revenue from the sale of electricity, \$13,106,213. Taxes paid, therefore, equalled three-tenths of one cent for each dollar of revenue. As stated above, this Company's taxes for 1940 amounted to 12.2 cents per dollar of gas revenue.

Total payrolls amounted to \$1,843,539, and at the close of the year the employees numbered 1,106.

During the year a further group of 56 employees, having long terms of employment with the Company, were retired on pension. There are now 88 former employees on the Company's gratuity list.

Forty-four members of the Company's staff are now serving in the Canadian Active Service Forces, while many others are training with Non-permanent Active Militia units.

The properties and plants of the Company have been kept up in their usual high state of operating efficiency. Expenditures on repairs and renewals last year amounted to \$441,224.

Adequate insurance is maintained on all plants and buildings against possible loss from fire or explosion. In addition, insurance policies are carried to afford reasonable protection against claims of public liability and property damage which might arise by reason of the Company's operations.

Early in the year the Directors engaged the services of the Stone and Webster Engineering Corporation of New York to make an investigation of the gas manufacturing plants and their operation.

The reputation of this firm is of the highest, and their wide experience in operating and managing gas plants and other utilities makes them eminently qualified to report authoritatively upon all matters relating to gas plant operations.

Their study disclosed no substantial deficiencies, but produced a number of valuable recommendations and suggestions with respect to operation which have been acted upon. The consequent improvement in operating results, and the economies thereby effected, have been well marked in recent months, but the full benefit of these will accrue during the coming year.

With regard to the plants themselves the investigating engineers had this to say:

"The design and construction of the buildings used for housing the equipment at both Station 'A' and Station 'B' is of the highest type and the plants of your Company, may, particularly with respect to general appearance, be classed among the finest on the continent.

"Referring to Station 'A', the generating equipment consists of 13 settings of Glover-West benches of modern design. This type of plant is also widely used in the United States and several of our plants utilize equipment of this type so that we are entirely familiar with the details of its construction and operation. We consider it the best type of gas-making equipment for plants of moderate size.

"The water gas generating units were of a type with which we were not familiar but of a design which embodies some of the features of the latest development in carburetted water gas sets made in this country (U.S.A.). It should lend itself to very efficient operation.

"From a technical point of view, the plants merit the highest commendation.

"Of the general condition of the plant and its equipment, as far as we could observe, we can only speak in terms of highest praise for the thoroughness in which the maintenance work has been done."

The Directors have to record with deep regret, the death, on June 11th, 1940, of their esteemed colleague, Mr. L. Goldman, who, during the 20 years he was a member of the Board, rendered valuable services to the Company.

The vacancy on the Directorate, occasioned by the death of Mr. Goldman, was filled by the election to the Board of Mr. M. R. Goodeham.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

A. L. BISHOP,  
President.

phrases "trustees of civilization" or "mandate of the League of Nations." This political child was born in Egypt, like Moses. History is the birth of the unintended. Contemporary commentators did not know that the mother was with child.

This is but part of the story, however. The Egyptian protectorate proved to be part of one of history's most amazing climaxes, and by the word climax we mean, with the Greeks, a whole ladder, and not simply the top rung, as in English. The rungs of this climax were Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, the poetry of Rudyard Kipling, the Spanish-American War, 1898, the Boer War, 1899-1902, the career of Cecil

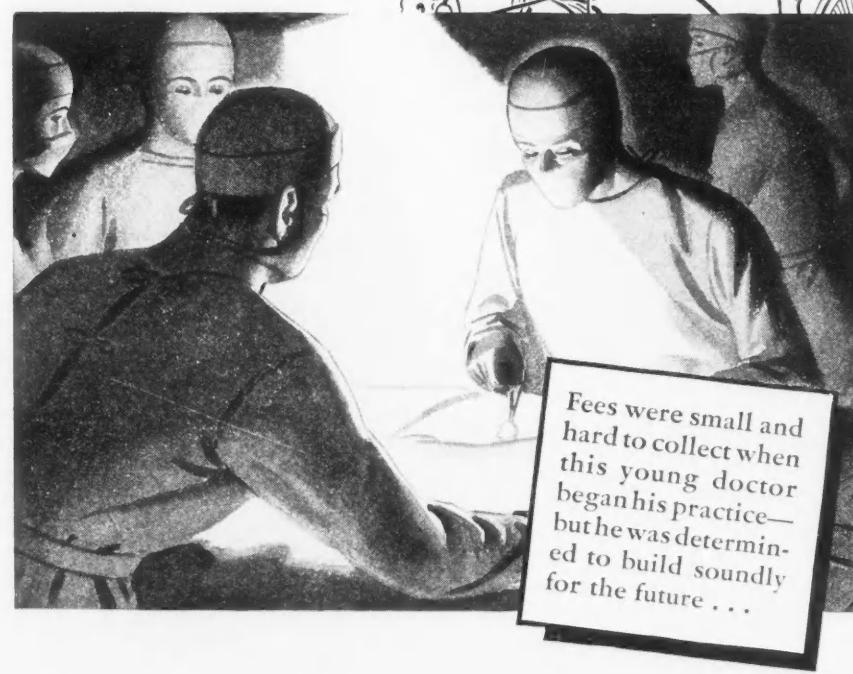
Rhodes, the rapid increase of under-ocean communication about the year 1900, and lastly, the multiplication of popular magazines about the same time.

The whole story of Egypt under British occupation was advance publicity for the Queen's Jubilee; in the pageantry the Egyptian success stood out in the public mind, and Kipling's "Recessional" perpetuated the publicity of the Jubilee. Moreover, his "white man's burden" theme had its origin in Egypt, not India. A second service of Kipling was to unify the Anglo-Saxon front. He found his first and largest market in the United States, took up his residence there, and only because of a private mis-

adventure returned to England.

The contribution of the Spanish-American War to imperial problems arose out of the stark conflict between foreign conquest and democratic principles. This conflict was rationalized by the famous doctrine of "benevolent assimilation" but the final manifesto was "education for eventual independence." Hardly secondary to this new, democratic concept of foreign administration was the enormously increased interest in world affairs, which ensued upon the acquisition of the Philippine Islands. This created a market for Asiatic news, which eventually dispelled the immunity from publicity that long prevailed in British India. The Anglo-Saxon world was undergoing a unifying process; common interests were developing.

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#### Here's what happened to that first investment

The doctor's annual premium was \$126.60. 20 years' premiums totalled \$2,532.00. Dividends paid in 32 years 1,836.31. Net outlay . . . . . \$ 695.69. Total cash value of policy in 1940 . . . . . \$2,676.00

The above is a definite case history. We do not guarantee you *exactly* the same results, for dividends must be commensurate with changing conditions. But in any event, all Mutual's dividends go to its policyholders—the *only* owners of the company.

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### Hotly Debated War

This heavy impact upon imperial ideas was followed promptly by another, the Boer War. From the point of view of justice this enterprise was more debatable than most British wars, and nowhere was it more hotly debated than in Britain itself. As a sequel to the Queen's Jubilee its aspect was especially ugly, and this worse side of it was played up persistently by the foreign press. The effect of this bitter criticism at home and abroad was the speedy concession to South Africa of the right of self-government.

It was out of South Africa more than from any other source that the impetus to the discussion of imperial problems came to other parts of the British Empire. This was genuine self-criticism, just as the criticism of the British in Egypt had been foreign criticism. Both of these forces have moulded British practice. The focusing of world interest, to say nothing of its permanence, in all the problems so raised was enhanced beyond all calculation by the incredible career of Cecil Rhodes. Thousands of people who would not read political news for its own sake were inducted into it through curiosity concerning this powerful, mysterious man.

Just at this epoch when world news was abundant the number of submarine cables spanning the Atlantic was increased to sixteen, and the cost of transmission was cut to one twentieth of what it had been in the beginning. This date marked the transition from continental to intercontinental news services. Simultaneously the popular magazines of the type of *Munsey's* and *McClure's* began to supply a market never reached by old-fashioned periodicals like the *Century* and *Scribner's*. For this new world-wide publicity a series of great events and great names in British history furnished news of unparalleled interest for many years without cessation. On the other hand, world-wide publicity did not fail to shape the conduct of the men and nations that made the news. The shape of things to come is forged in this fashion. History is the evolution of the unintended.



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## A "Jervis Bay" Footnote

BY GRAHAM McINNES

"NELSON himself walked the quarter-deck of the *Jervis Bay*." So runs a London despatch telling how the indomitable armed merchant cruiser closed with a pocket battleship and saved a convoy from destruction. It was a strange and glorious end to a ship at one time regarded as a white elephant; yet to those who know the inlet from which she takes her name, the end is most fitting.

The story of the *Jervis Bay* begins in Melbourne, Australia, at the end of the last war. Prime Minister W. M. ("Billy") Hughes, the fiery little Welshman who led Australia to victory, was convinced that the growing Commonwealth should have its own line of steamships plying to Britain. Instead of depending on the Orient and the P. & O., Australia, to whom fast and regular sea communication was vital, would have her own vessels. "Billy" Hughes saw a swift and democratic fleet of single-class passenger vessels, bringing new migrants to Australian farms, taking Australians cheaply "home" on that visit to Britain for which they had saved for the last ten years. The builders went to work.

In 1923, the Commonwealth accepted delivery of two freighters and five spick and span passenger ships. Each was of 14,000 tons displacement; each was named for a historic bay in an Australian state; each, from the potted palms in the lounge to the anti-slip coating on the companionway steps, was a microcosm of democracy. You paid your £37-15-0, and went to England with the run of the entire ship. The *Jervis Bay*, and her sisters, the *Moreton*, *Esperance*, *Largs* and *Hobson's Bay*, became known to Australians as "the bayboats". To officials they were known as the Australian Commonwealth Line of Steamers. The post-war boom was on. Hopes were high. Flagship of the fleet was the

*Jervis Bay*. She was named for a deep safe harbor on the New South Wales coast, about a hundred miles south of Sydney. But that harbor had another distinction. It was, and is, the seat of Jervis Bay Naval College, the great training centre for the Royal Australian Navy. Through Jervis Bay went the men who sent the *Bartolomeo Colleoni* to its doom, the men who patrol a huge pie-slice area of Pacific and Indian Oceans from the equator to the South Pole. Of all the "Bayboats," the *Jervis Bay* bore the proudest name, and the one most closely identified with the Navy.

But Australia, even in the booming twenties, found it was one thing to have a state owned single class steamship line, and quite another to make both ends meet. Even the democratic Aussies preferred the snob appeal and the comfort of multi-class liners. The P. & O., the Orient, the Aberdeen lines brought out newer and faster vessels.

In 1928, the Bruce-Page government decided to make the best of a bad job, and sold the line to the White Star for £1,900,000. The ships remained on the Australian run, and the Commonwealth retained a share of the control; but the experiment of a state owned line competing with private interests was at an end. Though the various State governments could forbid competitive trucking on roads paralleling their railways, the Commonwealth could not extend equivalent control to shipping. But the *Jervis Bay*'s memorable exploit has covered the former "problem line" with glory. Her sisters, their hulls gray painted, their decks bristling with guns, still carry on. And it, in these days of naval activity, *Jervis Bay* alumni find time occasionally to drink a toast in the wardrooms of R.A.N. vessels, many a glass has clinked in honor of the noble vessel which bore their name.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### Santa Claus Came to Ottawa Early

BY POLITICUS

HE HAS the build. What a fine figure of a St. Nick! Oh, for that flowing white beard and red suit! Even the belly that shook like a bowl of jelly is there. And while the cheerful soul often has to make his visits without snow for his reindeers not so with the leader of the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute.

On Thursday of last week Premier William Aberhart rushed into Ottawa. There was no jingle of bells but after all this was a special visit unheralded and a little ahead of time. In Edmonton he had announced that he had intended going to the capital but since he would be there for the Dominion-Provincial conference in January he wouldn't make the trip. But lo! and behold! Unannounced he did arrive with his palsy-walsy Lucien Maynard.

Ottawa had been having warm weather and not a sign of snow. But with the first night in the Chateau the snow began to fall. Next morning all the turrets and steeples were covered with four and a half inches of snow. And that's official too for the figure comes from the weather bureau at the Experimental Farm.

Into the Members' Gallery went the apostle of Douglas who has altered the writ to suit his own dear heart. Right over the New Democracy-Social Crediters he sat while that zealot John Blackmore was proud and expectant.

Later the prophetic promiser of

plenty spent an hour with Mr. King in his office and then spent some time with M. Lapointe. And he issued two statements. One before the meeting with the P.M. and the other just before leaving for Toronto.

What had the Hon. William been doing in Ottawa? According to the first statement issued from his fortress at the Chateau he was against "regimentation through centralization." Instead he wanted "decentralization of power to such an extent that each individual unit of the Commonwealth would have its own complete autonomy."

The second statement was that the visit to Ottawa had nothing to do with the Sirois report but was simply to renew his application for a charter for a provincial bank for Alberta.

But "I might say this, however. I find our people are greatly concerned about the centralization of financial power which would result from the implementation of this report."

In this connection Premier Patullo of British Columbia hit the nail right on the head when he said that undue centralization of any kind would be harmful. It would appear from our consideration of the report that it will be exceedingly difficult for any province to endorse the Rowell-Sirois report in toto unless a number of drastic changes are made in the recommendations and for this

reason we propose to be on hand to advocate the need of these alterations.

"The members of the commission urge that certain financial burdens should be taken from the provinces. I would go the whole way with them if they would say these burdens should be taken from the shoulders of the people. But that is not the intention at all."

"No matter whether the Dominion or the Provincial Governments shoulder these burdens, under the recommendations of the report the people will still have to bear them."

Cute, eh? No, his visit had nothing to do with the report but a couple of good licks in advance and a little buzz about no taxes never does any harm.

#### Getting the Quid Pro Quo

Politicus has no pipe line to the prime minister's office. But he can guess. And one of the guesses is that William wants a loan. And while he is not again doing something about the Sirois report he warns in advance that he believes in a quid pro quo. It's an old fashioned and still brand new way of getting what you want, at least in part. Give an advance consent and where is your lever for largesse?

But there were two paragraphs of particular interest in the first statement of the man who first in public life in Canada learned how to use the radio for mass political appeal. Here they are: "There is a rapidly changing attitude among business leaders who formerly were little interested in the remedy for the great problems so constantly evident. Previously they were quite sure that things would turn out all right; now they talk frankly of the collapse they feel is certain to come in the near future unless we face squarely the need for monetary reform."

"It is most encouraging to note that they now admit there may be something in the proposals steadfastly offered in the Social Credit philosophy. I believe their good wishes for success are earnestly spoken."

Never having been a business leader but wondering what business leaders think and hoping that by thinking as they do the road to half a million dollar income would open, Politicus set out to again take a crack at trying to understand what the master radio rouser's plan meant.

Where then to go but to the writ itself? The Social Credit Manual. Never having seen it but having heard a good deal about it he set out to get a copy. Two cabinet ministers were visited. A Social Credit follower was called on. But he looked at Politicus with a gleam in his eye and said No! Six Liberal members and one Conservative member were called on and finally from the seventh Grit it came to hand.

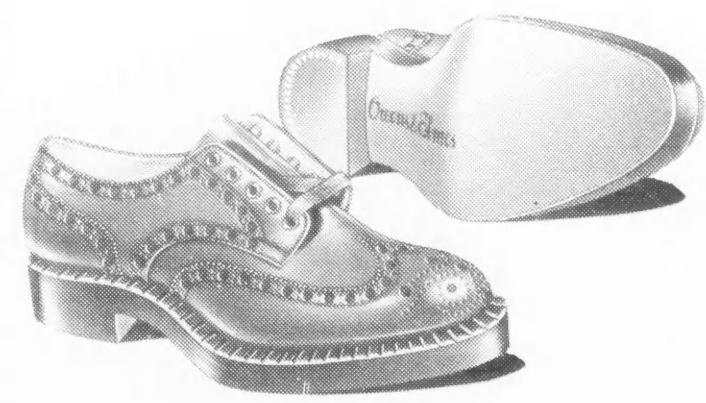
#### This is the Stuff

Remembering the words of the seventh Liberal member: "Guard it with your life. It's rare," Politicus opened the pamphlet, which bears on its cover the words: "Written by William Aberhart, B.A. Copyright 1935."

Now here is the start. Opposite an advertisement of "ALADDIN" cleaners and dyers there is this: "Our Basic Premise. It is the duty of the State through its Government to organize its economic structure in such a way that no bona fide citizen, man, woman, or child, shall be allowed to suffer for the lack of bare necessities of food, clothing, and shelter in the midst of plenty or abundance."

Now page 7. Opposite an ad. "E. J. Anderson, B.Sc. Specializing in the treatment of Muscular Imbalances. Have Your Eyes Examined Now," this is found. "People who have bank deposits or insurance policies with cash surrender value need

## THE HEAVIEST BROGUE IN CANADA



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*Parker's*  
for fine  
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Evening clothes are beautifully finished

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not be alarmed in any way. There will be no confiscation or demand upon the citizens for these, or for bonds or bank deposits they already hold. Neither shall there be any interference with the right of the citizens to bequeath or leave their property, real or personal to anyone to whom they desire to leave them."

As an incipient business leader that suits us fine.

Carefully we reach page 13. Underneath the ad. "SOCIAL CREDIT will increase the purchasing power including our MADE-IN-ALBERTA Paints. The Herbert Paint & Varnish Co." we find this: "Cultural Heritage. This is the inheritance that falls to the right of the individual citizen living within the bounds of the province. The pioneering work of our forefathers and the inventive genius of scientists have enabled mankind to harness the solar energy and produce machinery that will do the work that was formerly done by mankind." Well, solar energy. Hum. Not so clear.

Now to page 14. At the top of the page there is an ad. "OUR SPECIALTY Sami-Frozen Ice Cream Is Delicious. 'Try It.' At the bottom of the page

is this ad. "FEMININE HYGIENE LATEST PRODUCTS APPROVED by medical profession. Send for literature. Post free in plain envelope, 313 McLean Block, Calgary, Alta." Between those two business cards there is this: "Basic Dividends. The cultural heritage is made operative by the regular issuances of dividends from month to month sufficient to secure for the individual citizen the bare necessities of food, clothing and shelter. Social Credit claims that this is the least that could be offered to any citizen. It is wholly unreasonable to expect any person or group of persons in a province as wealthy as Alberta to exist without the bare necessities of food, clothing and shelter. To enable each citizen to secure these bare necessities, each of them will receive a pass-book in which at the beginning of each month will be entered the basic dividend for that month, say \$25.00."

\$25.00? Maybe there hasn't been enough time since September 3, 1935.

It may be easy for "most people to understand the philosophy of Social Credit." Not for us.

Shucks. We can't be a business leader.



W. J. WILCOX



FRANK F. MALCOLM

W. J. Wilcox, Vice-President of Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited, announces the appointment of Frank F. Malcolm as Sales Manager. Mr. Malcolm is well-known in the grocery field throughout Canada, having covered the country in the interests of Shredded Wheat for the last 18 years, and acted as Assistant Sales Manager since the beginning of this year.

# THE SCIENCE FRONT

## Underground With Man-Made Earthquakes

BY H. DYSON CARTER

THE disastrous havoc brought to Rumanian oil pipe lines, wells and tanks by that insignificant quiver in the earth's crust which we call an earthquake, doubtless caused many a wry chuckle in British petroleum circles. It made many a petrologist and geophysicist smile, too. For it was irony on a stupendous scale. Earthquakes may be a headache at Bucharest and Berlin, but on our continent earth tremors, artificially produced at a cost of two hundred million dollars, have located more than five billion barrels of oil in the last few years. And this makes the fascinating story of a new science:

exploration with explosives.

It all began away back in 1851, when Robert Mallet wondered just how fast the solid earth would transmit sound waves. He predicted the noise of a buried gunpowder blast would travel with different velocities in granite and loose soil. To prove his point he built crude seismoscopes to listen for the subterranean booms as they came through rock and sand. Mallet's findings started a hot controversy. In 1876 General H. L. Abbot of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers attempted to settle the dispute with

one grandiose experiment. Whereas Mallet had used small charges, Abbot was able to measure the explosion of fifty thousand pounds of dynamite being destroyed by Army order! The cautious general had his listening point five to twelve miles distant. He reported that earth-waves traveled faster the bigger the blast that produced them. This being in violent opposition to all that was then known about wave motion, Abbot's report caused a sort of secondary quake in scientific circles.

With smaller charges, European students in 1885 made the first real seismic discovery. Using a large number of seismoscopes (earth vibration recorders) they found that hidden rock masses distorted the pattern of explosion waves. To confirm this they went down into mines, where rock structure was known. It took years to collect much verified statistics. But soon the idea of actually exploring the earth's crust by building up explosion maps was advanced.

After 1914-18 research continued in Germany, culminating in "Seismos," a commercial group with the hare-brained scheme of exploring the earth for unsuspected petroleum fields or "domes." "Seismos" had a so-called "fan shot" system. They sent out a series of under-earth explosions from one point, and picked these up at scattered listening posts. If all the equi-distant receivers didn't get their thuds at the same instant, then something had bent or delayed the earth waves. It was simple to draw a map. "Seismos" went on drawing such maps and getting laughs from oil men of the Boomtown tradition. Until 1924. That year the maps showed the structure which afterwards became the famous Orchard Dome on the Gulf Coast of Louisiana.

TO GET the real picture, however, we go back to 1917. Of all the warring nations the U.S.A. made the most vigorous scientific attempt to work out the artillery location system. Several Bureau of Standards employees were badly bitten by the geophysical bug. When the war ended they quit their jobs and went in for shooting the earth. Their ideas clashed with those of "Seismos." Instead of trying to measure how explosion waves were bent (retracted) when passing through various earth structures, the Americans concentrated on reflected waves, waves that bounced or "glanced off" hard rock formations. The experimenters knew they were on the trail. But money ran out and the group broke up.

The Orchard Dome discovery shook the entire oil industry. Big Business hastily located the Bureau of Standards men and in 1926 the Geophysical Research Corporation went out on a wildcat structure geologists had turned down. Repeated shots confirmed the fact that under the earth was a well defined cap of rock that very probably meant oil in a big way. Drilled, the region proved to be the Nash Dome, a huge producer.

The G.R.C. located two more domes in the next two years, three in 1929. Still oil men were sceptical. "Seismos" had run into grief. The Americans said their own reflection method was foolproof and to prove it they went over country that had failed to show anything to the Germans. Down on the Gulf Coast they used new seismoscopes, high powered vacuum tube amplifiers. And explosions scientifically controlled with the help of interested dynamite companies. Combining the new maps with the old ones made by "Seismos" an amazingly clear picture resulted. These first subterranean maps sounded the doom of the wildcat oil man.

To date in the United States alone more than two hundred million acres have been "explored" for oil by means of artificial earthquakes, at a cost of a dollar an acre. Not much publicity has been given this work but the saving in cost of oil discovery is enormous. Nowadays very few "dry holes" are drilled in areas approved by the explosion gangs. Old fields



## The MAIL COACH in WINTER

• In Winter, before the era of railways, the only means of communication between Canadian cities and towns was by courier or mail coach. In 1853 it required a minimum of 14 days for a message to travel from Quebec to Toronto and back by coach in Winter time.

Today, it is usually only a matter of seconds to establish crystal clear word-of-mouth communication between any two points in Canada. The coast-to-coast circuits of the Trans-Canada Telephone System make this possible.



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TELEPHONE SYSTEM  
THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY  
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\*Makers of Fine Quality Lather Brushes, Paint Brushes, Household Brushes and Mops for over 60 years.

have been gone over and many new ones located in several continents. In Russia all wildcatting has ceased in favor of the new system. It is cheap enough to permit sending crews far and wide to test the most unlikely regions.

A study of the complex new science of geophysics raises a most intriguing question. A great deal has been learned about sub-strata. Unquestionably some men have tested the regions lying in the great earthquake belts. How much do the experts know about those uneasy crusts? Exactly where do the fearful tremors start and why, and how much of a jolt is needed to start them? If bombs on

Cap Gris Nez can shake the streets of Dover, why can't an earthquake be started by the right load of TNT at exactly the right spot? But of course, Heinrich Himmler may already be wondering along these lines!

POSTSCRIPT of the Week. Once more the baking industry gets news. Commercial Solvents Corp. announces a mass scale process for making riboflavin, the last word in Vitamin B complexes. Cost will be low enough to put "B" in even the cheapest loaf, restoring a food element for which civilized man has been starved for more than fifty years.

# THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY ROBERTSON DAVIES.

## Golden Trashery of Ogden Nashery

THE FACE IS FAMILIAR: The Selected Verse of Ogden Nash. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

WITH a daredevil disregard for the pitfalls which are supposed to reside in analogy, let us compare the writing of verse with the art of dancing: the most completely satisfactory dancers are ballet dancers, for within the bounds of a technique they can achieve a perfection which gives great pleasure, and in this they resemble traditional poets; other dancers scorn the shackles of a fixed technique and, by leaping, prancings, and grovelings, they reveal the secrets of their inmost souls, and there is a school of poetry which embraces this notion of art; and finally, there are originals of genius, such as Anna Enters, and chief of all poets of this type is Ogden Nash.

Genius is not too strong a word to use in describing Ogden Nash. He may not come to grips with elemental problems, but he is deeper than he looks, and his verses contain flashes of insight and an uncommon quality of common sense which would gain him a reverent hearing if he expressed himself in sober fashion. But he has chosen the better part: a glorious insobriety is his characteristic mood. Having decided what he wants to say he says it with an inspired levity which frees and uplifts the hearts of his readers;

and that, make no mistake about it, is to be a poet.

Ogden Nash, like all originals, has roused the hobgoblin of imitation in the bosoms of scores of his readers. Looking at his verse one feels, 'How easy; it doesn't scan at all, and the rhymes are ridiculous.' But try to do it; it is as impossible as to draw like James Thurber. Nash has a subtle rhythm which cannot be captured, and Joyce and Freud would have been staggered by his rhymes. It seems unlikely that he evolved this happy manner without a great deal of practice in the traditional metres; in this volume of selected verse he shows himself to be a writer of beautifully polished lyrics. What could be more felicitous than this, to a lady who thinks herself ageing at thirty?

Oh Night will not see thirty again  
Yet soft her wing, Miranda;  
Pick up your glass and tell me then—  
How old is Spring, Miranda?

Ogden Nash is, in some respects, the most accomplished of modern American poets. He has complete command of his form, an ingenious and adventurous ear, and free and complete access to his thoughts. This book will give frivolous delight to the frivolous, and deep pleasure to the reflective; like most first-rate books, it is a mirror for the mind of its reader.

## Taking Pen in Hand

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LETTERS. Edited by M. Lincoln Schuster. Musson. \$5.

THE editor of this volume is a noted New York publisher whose private passion for years has been letters by celebrated men and women. It is his firm conviction that "letters make the most interesting reading in the world, especially other peoples." The late Lytton Strachey, also an enthusiast for letters, took a more tempered view. In a posthumous essay he said: "The most lasting utterances of a man are his studied writings; the least are his conversations. His letters hover midway between these two extremes." Of course Mr. Strachey had forgotten all about Dr. Samuel Johnson, but in a general sense his statement of the case is fair. In his introduction Mr. Schuster quotes another dictum of Strachey's to the effect that letter writers and diarists provide a badly needed corrective for Clio, most glorious of the muses, "tripping her up, revealing her undergarments in the most indecorous manner."

One has only to peruse any ten pages of this volume to realize the truth of that assertion. Of all the anthologies of letters that have come from the hands of editors, many of them literary celebrities, none has possessed the vast historical inter-

est, and intensely human appeal of this volume. The ground covered is immense, the historical events touched on innumerable. Mr. Schuster begins with a very acrimonious exchange of letters between Alexander the Great and Darius III of Persia who claimed the title "King of Heaven." He ends with a drastic indictment of the Hitler Regime, written by Thomas Mann in 1937 to the "Herr Dean" of Bonn University. The book embraces extracts from the best known of all letter-writers, the Apostle Paul, and arrives at communications of vital historical interest from the pens of Lenin and Trotsky.

A number of the letters have long been famous, like Dr. Johnson's rebuke to Lord Chesterfield on the subject of patronage; Robert Louis Stevenson's caustic rebuke to Rev. Dr. Gage for slandering Father Damien; and the letter found beside the frozen body of the Antarctic explorer Captain Scott. There are scores of fascinating communications not so well known. A mere list of names would be found to embrace a large percentage of the world's celebrities in all fields. Napoleon and Lincoln naturally figure largely; but their words are not more graphic than those of Agrippina writing to her son, Nero, on learning he had decided to slay her. In contrast we have breezy commentaries by such moderns as Mark Twain and George Bernard Shaw.

The work of selection must have been supremely difficult; but Mr. Schuster's culture and dramatic instinct have served him well. His historical introductions to each letter are pungent and informative, and, despite their brevity, have involved much labor. One can think of no book published in our time of more permanent appeal as desultory or bedside reading. For this reason one feels its life will extend far beyond that of its editor.

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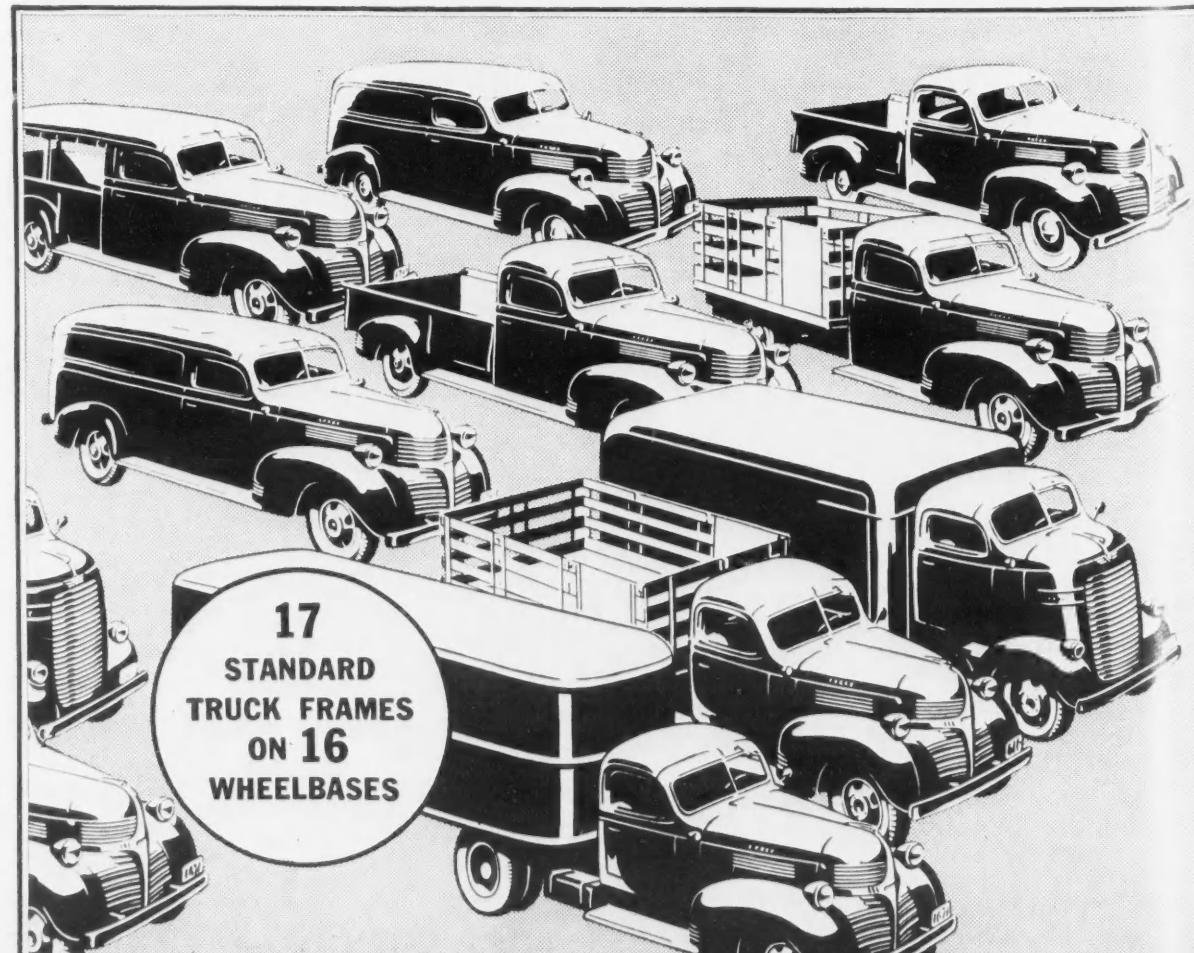
### BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased through Saturday Night's Book Service. Address "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, enclosing postal or money order to the amount of the price of the required book or books.

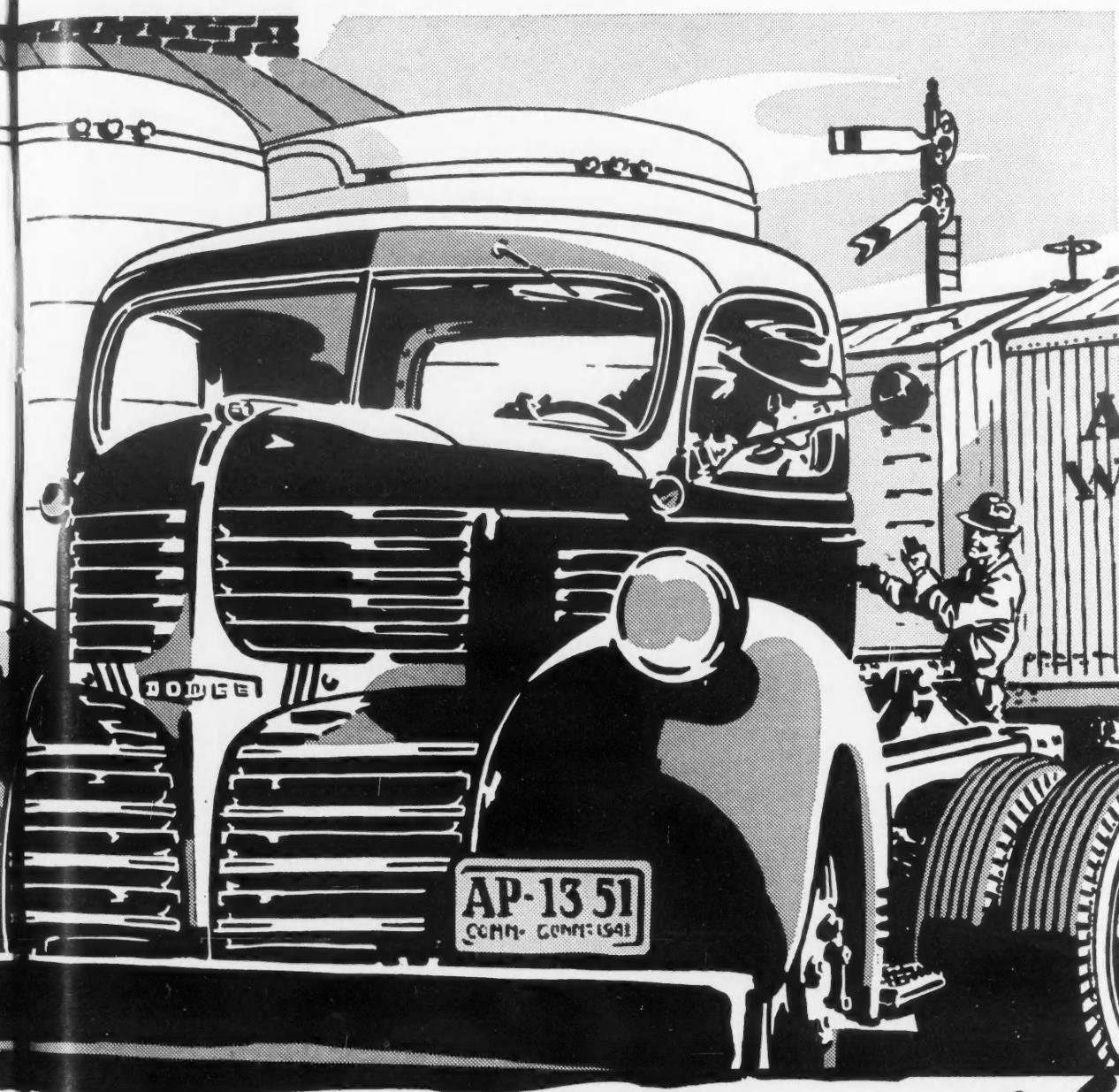
BURNS MANTLE has published his Year Book of American Drama, "Best Plays, 1939-40." It costs \$3.50 and is probably worth it to students of contemporary entertainment, but do not buy it thinking that you are getting the complete texts of the plays.



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When you buy a Dodge Truck you get the benefit of all that Dodge has learned during 25 years in the truck business. Dodge Truck engineers are constantly analysing the road records of thousands of Dodge Trucks and from the facts these records reveal have come constant improvements. The great new Dodge Trucks for 1941 are the best Dodge has ever produced. They meet 98% of all hauling needs. Your individual trucking requirements can be completely met with one of the 12 models of Dodge Job-Rated Trucks.

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You want your next truck to fit the job. You want enough power and enough strength but no more weight than necessary. You want a Dodge Job-Rated Truck for long life, low operating cost and general all around Dodge Dependability.

There are 9 lines of 1941 Dodge Job-Rated Trucks of standard type and 3 cab-over-engine lines. General information on these lines is shown in the table below. Your nearest Dodge dealer can give you complete details of the right truck to fit your job.

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Gross Rating	4,200 lbs.	6,400 lbs.	10,500 lbs.	12,500 lbs.	14,000 lbs.	14,500 lbs.
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	133"	160"	160"	160"	160"	160"
			190"	178"	178"	178"
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Gross Rating	15,500 lbs.	20,000 lbs.	20,000 lbs.	10,500 lbs.	13,500 lbs.	15,500 lbs.
Wheelbases	136"	152"	152"	105"	105"	105"
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	178"	188"	188"	159"	159"	159"
	220"	205"	205"			

COVER 98% OF ALL HAULING NEEDS!

## THE BOOKSHELF

### The Canadian Peasant

THIRTY ACRES, by Ringuet (translated by Felix and Dorothea Walther). Macmillan. \$2.50.

DISTINGUISHED Canadian novels are rare, and we are happy to welcome this one as a substantial and valuable addition to our not very robust body of native fiction. It is the work of Dr. Philippe Paneton, who has chosen 'Ringuet' as his pen-name; he is of the purest French-Canadian blood, for some of his forbears came to this country in 1640, and his paternal ancestors in 1686. "Thirty Acres" was published in Paris in 1938 as *Trente Arpents*, and was awarded the *Prix de l'Academie Française*, the *Prix Girard*, and the *Prix des Vikings*.

This is the story of an *habitant*, Euchariste Moisan, following his life from the time when he takes over the family farm, his thirty acres, from his Uncle Ephrem; through his marriage and his family of thirteen children; through the loss of his wife, and of his eldest son, the priest; through the loss of his farm-stock through fire, and his money through the dishonesty of a notary; through his loss of the thirty acres to his grasping son Etienne. Thus

passes Euchariste Moisan, ignorant, greedy, vindictive, though with a certain dignity, but the thirty acres remain unchanged.

The book was begun in 1929, and reached publication nine years later. Every line has been considered; this is no hasty book. There is no over-writing, and no over-romanticising of *habitant* life. There is a Gallic economy about the whole book which is deeply refreshing. The calmness and objectivity of the writing give the book remarkable force; when it is finished the reader may not feel 'shaken', but if he can dispense with this popular accompaniment of modern reading he will be satisfied that his time and his money have been well-spent. "Thirty Acres" is cathartic in its effect, but not emetic.

The Walters have translated the book with such skill that it gives no sign of being a translation, which is high praise. They have managed, as well, to preserve its French character, which is higher praise still. This is a book which most Canadians will enjoy, and which they will be able to send to their friends in other lands with pride.

### Homespun Humor

JACOBY'S CORNERS, by Herman Fetzer. Houghton, Mifflin. \$3.

THE MISSES ELLIOT OF GEN-EVA, by Warren Hunting Smith. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN, by Hart Spence. Whittlesey House. \$3.50.

THESE three books attempt to warm the reader's heart by awakening in him a nostalgia for his childhood; all three succeed in some measure, perhaps because of our tendency to yearn after a childhood which was not our own. That listed first is in many ways the best. It tells, with great charm and simplicity, of a small boy's visit to his grandparents who are Coffee-Potters, a sect resembling the Amish or the Dunkards. The author has a style which is delicate and pleasant without ever becoming weak.

WE HAVE all known the Misses Elliot, or their like, but most of us are quite content to forget them:

not so Mr. Warren Hunting Smith. Obviously he derived more delight from these mild eccentricities than he has been able to convey in his book. As a result he has made a record of their apt rejoinders and their not very queer doings which makes us feel as though we were watching a man convulsed by some private joke. Very gentle readers will probably enjoy Mr. Smith's emotion re-collected in tranquillity.

MR. SPENCE'S father was a Methodist minister, and he has written of him with an enthusiasm which reflects credit upon both. The book cannot be recommended unre-servedly to the clergy however: mystics and High Churchmen will cringe at some of the doings of this 'practical Parson', but many of the devout will find it grateful reading; the profane may also find much in it to fortify their beliefs, so the book should have a wide popularity. Some readers will also be reminded of Dr. Johnson's dictum that the merriment of parsons is mighty offensive.

### Gallimaufry

SOME authors can never let well alone; if they publish a book which becomes popular they must needs bring out subsequent editions, enlarged and corrected. Writers on current affairs are, understandably enough, the worst offenders in this matter. Pierre van Paassen first published his highly successful "Days of Our Years" in 1939; now Longmans, Green, have produced a new edition, "with 30,000 additional words." Anyone who wants to find out what Mr. van Paassen said in those additional words may do so for \$4.50.

A more worthy piece of re-publication is the Oxford Press' production of Dr. Harvey Cushing's "Life of Sir William Osler" in one volume at \$6.00. This is one of the greatest biographies of our time, important not only to members of the medical profession but also to anyone who is interested in the development of a very remarkable and comprehensive mind. Formerly the book was published in two volumes and cost \$12.50. Now that it has become available at a modest price (for such a book) it is the bounden duty of parents, aunts, and benevolent older friends to see that no medical student completes his studies without receiving a copy of it. Doctoring, at the greatest and best, is one of the noblest of professions, but too frequently it

is treated as a mere trade. Students may learn from the life of William Osler what doctoring can be, and govern themselves accordingly.

IF YOUR children have reached the age where they are in hourly danger of becoming stamp-collectors or amateur carpenters, Random House have published three books which may enable you to steer them into the paths of peace and economy. "American Songbirds," by Maitland A. Edey, is a beautiful book, and cheap at \$1.50; with its aid your child will learn to distinguish between a Prothonotary Warbler and a Yellow-Bellied Sapsucker, and to know the call of the Towhee (or Chewink). "American Wildflowers," by Cecile Hulse Matschat, should be popular with girls, and costs only 75 cents; it is illustrated with excellent color photographs. "Wonders of the Heavens" by Arthur Draper, is for young astronomers; it has splendid pictures of the scabby moon and the inflamed sun, Donati's amazing comet and planets like glass-alleyes; parents are warned that astronomy has to be studied late at night. These three books will solve many Christmas-present problems, and will also teach children that the best things in life are free, which stamps and leather-tooling outfitts are not.



Minx in a mink headshawl glorified with a row of silk fringe.

## WORLD OF WOMEN

### The Outer Wrappings

BY BERNICE COFFEY

ONCE over lightly some of the wrappings that will be used to enclose this year's Christmas gifts, is sufficient to convince even a wooden Indian that we have progressed a long, long way from the plain white, green and red tissue papers we used to tie up rather bumbly with narrow red ribbon. In fact, the wrapping has become so elaborate that as a problem it ranks next only to choosing what is to go inside.

This year's papers are little works of art in themselves. You pay more for them than you did for the white tissue you used to buy by the quire—most of these modern beauties come in packages of two or three sheets—but gracious, just think of how gorgeous even a prosaic gift such as those suspenders for Uncle George becomes when it's done up in gleaming blue foil, sparkling ornaments, and a killer-diller ribbon bow.

The "best" colors, so the Robert Simpson Company say, are blue and silver, red and silver, red and gold, silver, "and some green." And perhaps the most outstanding theme of the season is the way in which wrapping, tags, and the cellophane stuff used to tie it all together have been ensembled with the care of one of Mrs. Harrison William's costumes. Thus, if you choose a paper covered with angels, stars or what have you, it's possible to get tags, ribbons, et al, to match the design and color.

There's plenty of sparkle and animation to this Christmas' wrappings. For instance, sparkling stars are scattered all over a printed moire texture paper... Christmas trees are picked out in white raised chenille dots all over the surface of a glossy cellophane wrapper that is particularly attractive in dark blue... Some of the jolliest little Eskimos you ever saw disport themselves in green, red and black over the white surface of another... For tailored smartness, we like a polka dot paper that comes in various colors... And as a wrapping for gifts intended for the young there could be nothing more winning than a paper covered with colored pictures of bull's-eyes candies—the sort that used to come out of a big tall glass jar and sold eight for a penny. There they are in all their colorful pinks and yellows on a background of white... And for a bit of pretty fantasy it would be hard to find anything to beat a charming design called "Angels On Horseback," the cherubs—some with their halos slightly askew and riding their steeds to nowhere in particular—are done in smooth air-brush greyish tones against a sketchy, scrawled background of heavenly blue, with a pink dove here and there in the design. All these are two sheets for 35 cents.

A more austere brand of swank is represented by a new suede paper—the suede texture interspersed by bands of silver (2 sheets for .50). Perhaps the loveliest of all the wrappings is a clear cellophane printed in white in an all-over design of fine white lace. Put over a plain colored paper, the lace design shows up wonderfully in all its exquisite delicacy. (10 cents a foot).



A gay velvet ascot dresses up a collarless grey Persian coat of casual lines. Slit pockets and front-and-back fullness mark it winter 1941.

Ice Tub No. 1969

• The answer to the Christmas gift problem is . . . THERMOS. This sturdy container preserves ice cubes, cracked or shaved ice, unmelted, for a whole evening. Chromium plated case with ivory moulded ware handles and cover knob. Price \$13.50. Other tubs at \$14.50, \$16.50 and \$18.50.

• Desk Set No. 162. This moulded bakelite set appeals to the office man. Jug holds 32 ounces and you have choice of three colors—walnut, mahogany or ebony—with tray and two glasses. Price \$12.00.

• Bedside Set No. 177. Practical for the guest room, sick room or master bedroom. Jug holds 20 ounces and set complete with tray and one glass is made in four colors—ivory, rose, blue and apple green. Price \$9.00. Jug only \$7.00.

• Stronglas Bottle No. 38Q. Black, rimmed with red stripes, aluminum shoulder, four nested moulded ware cups. Holds 30 ounces. Price \$3.50.

• Picnic Set No. 283. A popular outfit for the motor trip, when fishing or on a picnic. Strong leatherette case contains metal sandwich box, two Thermos 30-ounce vacuum bottles with four moulded cups each. Price \$13.50. Other sets, \$11.00 up.

• Luncheon Set No. 398. May be tucked away in the car or hung on the door handle. Leatherette case, metal sandwich box and one 23-ounce Thermos bottle with three cups. Price \$7.00. There is a wide range of Thermos lunch kits and motor sets.

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE — CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

**THERMOS BOTTLE CO. LIMITED**  
1239 QUEEN STREET WEST TORONTO, CANADA

**THERMOS**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The GENUINE has the name stamped on the bottom

Among the gadgets with which to gild the lily are such things as adhesive tape solidly covered with sparkly tinsel to be used to fasten the wrappings together. Or tinsel tape cut out in the shapes of stars, trees, and so on, that from a distance look like authentic pieces of jeweller's art when pasted here and there about the parcel. The tape is .15 for four yards. Eight stickers are to be had for 10 cents. Or there are real jingle bells which will give the parcel a musical tinkle when they are tied to the crowning ribbon bow (.15 for a card of seven).

It's really a pity for anyone to

deprive themselves of the fun of wrapping their own gifts. However, Simpson's is ready to take pity upon the plight of those unfortunate individuals whose fingers turn into thumbs immediately they become involved with the simplest string and paper problem. All he has to do is to clutch his gift in hand and throw himself upon the mercy of their gift wrapping service. Before you can say Sidi-Barani they will have disguised it in wrappings of your own choice—and so beautifully done you'll only smile tolerantly at the sight of others trying to cope with wrappings on their own. The price



# DRESSING TABLE

## Beauty and Good Works

BY ISABEL MORGAN

A WEEK or so ago we told about four Toronto chapters of the I.O.D.E. which were to take over the Helena Rubinstein salon for two weeks. During this time Madame Rubinstein is generously donating

all proceeds from salon treatments to the work of the chapters.

The inauguration of this ingenious scheme took place the other evening, and was a gala event in every sense of the word. A large addition has

been built to the former building which housed the salon, and the evening also saw its formal opening for which Madame Rubinstein, who in private life is Princess Gourielli, had come from New York.

Hundreds of cars drew up before the marquee before the beautiful modern building, and several hundred members of Toronto society trod the red carpet leading to the entrance. At the reception which preceded the evening's program, Madame Rubinstein and her niece, Mademoiselle Mala Rubinstein who later acted as commentator at the fashion show, received with the patronesses and sponsors. As she stood in the receiving line Madame Rubinstein's gown was the cynosure of admiring eyes. A Schiaparelli original, of white satin, it was fashioned on long simple lines and had a high round neck banded with deep brilliant blue heavily encrusted with embroidery of pearls and other jewels. A wide girdle of the same jewelled blue was fastened at the back of the waist with laced golden thongs. Pearls framed in narrow rims of deep blue were scattered over the surface of the white satin.

Later a charming ceremony took place in the flower-filled stately main salon which has been decorated in Wedgewood blue and chartreuse. Mrs. E. S. Duggan, Municipal Regent of the I.O.D.E. formally declared the salon open, and expressed the Order's deep appreciation of Madame Rubinstein's magnificent gesture. Madame Rubinstein replied expressing her great pleasure at being able to contribute to the splendid work being done by the members of the Order and at the conclusion of her speech presented the regents of the chapters participating with golden keys to the salon.

The program then continued with fashions from the Ensemble Shop and Specialty Shops of Eaton's College Street, which were modelled by members of the Chapters whose coiffures and make-up had been designed by the salon. During the entr'acte Mlle. Olga of New York demonstrated various ways of achieving the ideal posture. The show concluded with "A Salute To Service" and the appearance of the uniformed representatives of the branches of women's active service—a nursing sister of the military hospital, St. John's Ambulance, Red Cross Transport, Canadian Auxiliary Territorial Service and Canadian Women's Service Force. The evening came to a conclusion with a buffet supper in the solarium.

Patronesses of the event were Mrs. W. B. Horkins, National Regent, I.O.D.E.; Mrs. E. S. Duggan, Municipal Regent, I.O.D.E.; Lady Gooderham, Mrs. C. E. Burden, Mrs. J. S. Burnside, Lady Kemp. Sponsors are—Forest Hill Village Chapter, Mrs. James Ross, Regent; Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon Chapter, Miss Eleanor Angas, Regent; Lady Tweedsmuir Chapter, Mrs. Jack Raynor, Regent; Dr. Harold C. Parsons Chapter, Miss Clair Jardine, Regent.

### Pointers

Here are one or two pointers on the difference between a professional

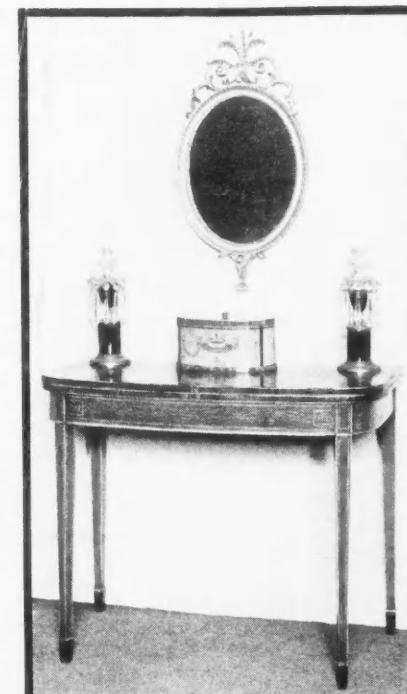


A touch of tartan faces the demure detachable hood, and makes another appearance in the gilet front of jacket.



A panel in contrasting color gives this long fitted ski jacket the effect of having a vest front. Note the shirring which goes only three-quarters around the waist.

manicure and the kind of amateur job so many of us slip into because we're "in such a rush, my dear!" It's more a matter of knowing how than of taking more time—and anyway, a minute more won't hurt your beau



One of a pair of D-shaped console tables made in London by Sheraton around 1870. Above it an Adam mirror, and on the table an inlaid satin-wood box and a pair of Bristol candlesticks—all treasures owned by a Canadian collector.

a bit, if he's cooling his heels down-stairs!

Keep the file always at right angles to the nail, never run it across so that it nearly parallels the nail. This will thin the nail edge, making it more prone to split or break.

Don't expect a nail white pencil to do all your bleaching for you. The nails should be scrubbed completely clean before nail white is used under the tip.

Don't cut cuticle. In the long run, it's a time-saver to keep cuticle in shape with cuticle remover and nail cream, because you'll have less trouble with hangnails. And don't work on cuticle at all until it's been softened, first, by soaking, then by cream.

Don't wave fingers in the air when you're putting polish on. Rest them on a flat base, and polish will go on twice as smoothly. Take time to run polish remover over nails first, to be sure they are absolutely free of the last trace of oil or soapy water. Take time to drain the polish brush at the edge of the bottle so polish won't go on too thickly. Then apply a coat of satinbase first, two coats of polish over it. This does sound like extra time, but it will save it in the end by cutting down on the number of times

you have to apply a new coat of polish.

One last pointer—do your right hand first! It's harder to put polish on with the left hand, and you'll do a better job with it if you do it first. The last five nails are always the hardest.

### Pamperers

Is there a Mollycoddle in the house? If there isn't it won't be Peggy Sage's fault for that is what she has christened her pillow case, a new idea in manicure sets. It looks like a tiny pillow for the boudoir, completely feminine and soft as fleece. Snuggled away inside are bottles and equipment. Slip them out and there's your manicure pillow to rest your hand on as you go to work on the nails.

A silken inner pocket slips out at one zipped side, unsnaps, and there—ready to hand—are Skyhigh polish, satinbase, cuticle and polish removers. There's a rubber-tipped cuticle stick, too—grand for cutting down on wear and tear on the cuticle—file, nail white pencil, emery boards and cotton.

Downy fleece-nap makes the cover—there's a choice of yellow and rose or yellow and blue. It's rubberized inside, and easy to keep fresh and spotless because it's washable and stretch-proof. Here's an inspiration to do your manicure with the same professional touch you get while having a professional salon treatment.

Special for Mademoiselle! Peggy Sage dedicates a sweet new manicure case to the "young in hand." Mademoiselle herself will love it, it's such a pretty flowered thing. Madame will like it too, there's so much more in it than in streamlined travel cases. Powder polish and a buffer are its two special extras. Also in the set are Whimsy polish, a shade soft enough for the very young, lubricant polish and cuticle removers, and four fine implements. The case is done in flowered fabric, with a pink quilted cover for that "pretty look" on a young girl's dressing table.

Powder polish and a buffer are two special extras. For buffing is a habit we should start when very young, like the "hundred strokes" we give our hair. Grandma had to do it to keep her nails shining. We just have to remember that it's a circulation-starter, and awfully good for nails.

But here's another thing buffing does—it smooths the nail surface, that means polish will go on more smoothly, and because it does, it will wear much longer.

If she's just at the party age, and is begging to "wear polish, please" for dress-up, it's high time to check up on her nail-caring ways. Here are her "three R's."

Buffing every night, ten strokes to a nail—and in one direction only to avoid burning.

Cuticle pushed carefully back at least twice a week.

Nails shaped in gently rounded ovals.

Every bit of liquid polish thoroughly removed the minute the first nail shows signs of "wear."



The "Lithe-Line"—a new elastic rope device used in exercising. Photo, Helena Rubinstein Salon.

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# FILM PARADE

## Too Much is Plenty

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

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THIS question of which one gets the bed and which takes the chaise longue has gone far enough. At any rate it has been going on too long. The problem has been attacked from any number of angles and enhanced by all sorts of complications and embarrassments. There is however one variation that has never been tried out on the screen—the variant of the simple and intelligent approach.

The principals could be Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas, (or Melvyn Douglas and Jean Arthur, or Melvyn Douglas and Loretta Young, or Loretta Young and Ray Milland — it doesn't matter, since they've all had their turn recently at the same situation.) They could face each other frankly in the opening sequence and the heroine could say, "Look. For reasons too complicated to go into and anyway the public isn't interested any more, we've got to spend the night in the same room. So let's flip a half-dollar, the loser to take the chaise longue and the winner to get the box-springs, and no hard feelings."

One could love a heroine who behaved in this sensible generous fashion. Instead of that, what does Myrna Loy do in "Third Finger, Left Hand," the latest adumbration of the bed-chaise-longue predicament? She provokes and pursues the hero, Melvyn Douglas, all through the first half of the film. Then when the all-too-inevitable happens and they are shut up together for the night, she turns on him, throws his shoes out the door and finally locks him out in an unheated sun-porch with the barometer falling. Then alluringly dressed for the night she settles down cosily on her inner-spring mattress with a satin eiderdown pulled up to her chin.

This is routine business for Melvyn Douglas who has occupied more chaises longues during his recent screen career than Madame Recamier herself. But it is an obvious injustice to Miss Loy whose talent on the screen is to be gracious, humorous and humane. The same criticism applies to recent films starring Loretta Young, Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers who in every case have behaved with an almost morbid propriety combined with a ruthless lack of feeling. Miss Young made Melvyn Douglas occupy the chaise longue in "He Stayed For Breakfast," and though she was forced to occupy it herself in "The Doctor Takes a Wife" she did it with the worst grace in the world. In "My Favorite Wife" Irene Dunne made Mary Grant sleep on an old shakedown in an unheated attic among the Christmas decorations. Ginger Rogers in "Lucky Partner" went in for exaggerated flutterings, face-blappings and door-boltings. What's

the matter with these girls? Can't they, just for once, settle for a decent chastity combined with a reasonable consideration for the feelings of their fellow creatures?

Heroines of the screen, unite. You have nothing to lose but your plots.

NO NONSENSE of this sort occurs in "Haunted Honeymoon." The principals (Robert Montgomery and Constance Cummings) get honestly married in the opening sequence and nothing more untoward happens on their wedding night than the discovery of a corpse in the basement. It's a Dorothy Sayres murder-mystery,

ingeniously not to say tortuously contrived. You may wonder as I did how the victim of the plot could have failed to notice an immense potted cactus in a large brass jar attached to the corner of the ceiling—it isn't the sort of item that is likely to be overlooked, particularly by someone who has every reason to expect a violent end. However the quips are bright, Robert Montgomery, with a trace of English accent, makes a plausible Lord Peter Whimsy, and Constance Cummings is as beautiful as ever and wonderfully well-dressed.

IN "Moon Over Burma" Dorothy Lamour survives an attack by a cobra, a forest fire, a log jam and a spot of dynamiting, but surrenders to love at last. She also gets herself imprisoned in a large earthen jar while taking a bath and has to be rescued, squealing, by Preston Foster, who sullenly releases her by smashing the jar open with a hammer. You can't imagine anything sillier.

## Death of a Super-Tramp

BY P. O'D.

IN A little village down in Gloucestershire there died last month a quiet, simple-hearted old man, who had been a tramp but became a distinguished poet—a poet whose best lyrics are as sure of immortality as anything written in our time. His name was William Henry Davies. For many years as a young man he tramped the United States and Canada, until at Renfrew, Ontario, he slipped while trying to hop a moving train, and lost his right leg just below the knee. It meant the end of his tramping, but the beginning of his career as a poet.

A good many poets have done a bit of tramping—sometimes of necessity, but generally as an expression of the wanderlust. Davies was the real thing, a genuine hobo. For years this Welshman wandered about America, doing no work that he could possibly help, begging his way, stealing rides on freight-trains, con-

**D**orothy Coulter

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*Simpson's*



# ART AND ARTISTS

## A Grand American Gesture

BY GRAHAM McINNES

THE most impressive thing about the great exhibition of paintings now on view at the Art Gallery of Toronto in aid of the Canadian Red Cross, is the generosity of the American collectors and dealers who made the showing possible. War is notorious for raising barriers, yet here they have been lowered to the tune of over 120 paintings, valued at two million dollars paintings which

it would normally be well nigh impossible for Canadians to see. The prestige of the Red Cross cannot alone account for the splendid co-operation of our friends across the line, though doubtless it helped enormously. It is something more than that. Dealers and connoisseurs south of the border recognized that here

was a way of showing their admiration for our effort and their belief in our cause. As a result, the doors of many collections have been thrown open to us for the first time.

The showing is so large and varied that it inevitably contains much that is of mainly historical interest, many works that are included for their value as drawing cards. "The Sortie from Gibraltar," with sky, rocks, uniformed soldiers and the faces of the injured all suffused with strong vermillion, is an example of the former. But the precise charm of the Duke of Wellington's courtly gesture, the painstaking fidelity with which his famous nose is rendered, are as endearing, in their own way, as the American primitive's painting of the Central Pacific's woodburning "Puffing Billy" making its first trans-continental run. In the drawing card section, Millais' dreadful little boy in velvetees outdoes the worst excesses of the 18th century society portraitists; and you can see the powerful mysticism of Blake degenerate into the mawkishness of Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix."

THESE low points, however, are amply outweighed by the many fine paintings of the Flemish, Dutch, English, French, Spanish and American schools. We haven't had as grand a show of old masters since the Margaret Eaton Gallery opening in 1935. You'll want to return several times to savor this exhibition to the full. Perhaps the finest collection is the English group, because it is both representative and good. It starts with a magnificent example of Elizabethan painting: Isaac Oliver's "The Prince of Wales and Lord Harrington." Like Nicholas Hilliard (not represented here), Oliver gives us portraits with the real Renaissance gusto which, under the influence of men like Kneller and van Dyck, was later overlaid by courtly mannerism, and from which only Hogarth, among 18th century painters, seems wholly to escape. There are two Hogarts here: the Gallery's "Boy in Green," and "The Sharpe Family" who, though their best friends couldn't have called them anything but plain, are brilliantly rendered in a broad and majestic canvas. Next door, John Singleton Copley's "Mary and Elizabeth Royal" a canvas blending sensitive line and rich texture, shakes hands with Hogarth over the heads of Reynolds, Lawrence and Raeburn.

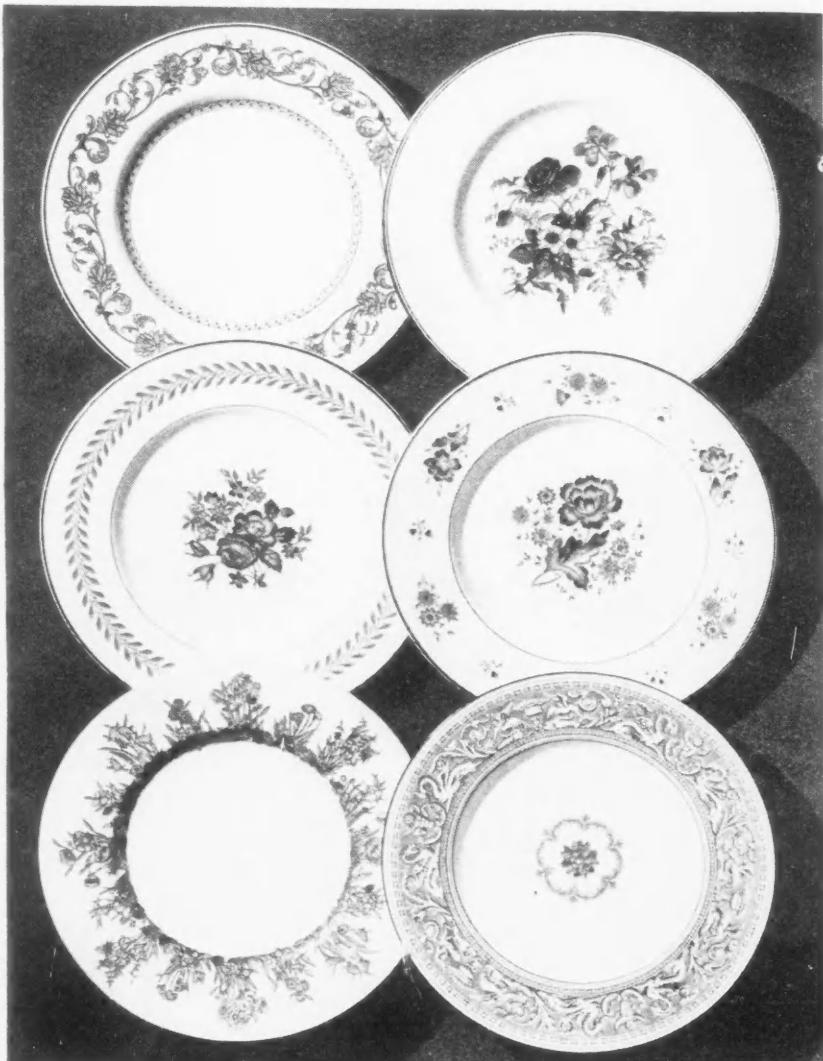
Among the landscapes are two Constables, a Bonington, a golden, glowing Wilson, and a lyric Gainsborough "Before the Cottage Door" in which delicate foliage and the brilliant impressionist treatment of the children's faces mingle perfectly.

THERE is only time to mention a few remaining highlights. In the French school are a Cézanne landscape incomplete but monumental; a strong figure study of Degas; Renoir, succulent as usual in "Au Piano"; a tiny Seurat; and the National Gallery's best of all Corots, the sinewy bridge at Narni. The Spanish school has two Grecos: "The Virgin and Child with St. Anne," somewhat harsh and stubborn in handling, and Ralph M. Coe's "Anunciação," startling and dramatic with flowing folds of gold drapery. There is also a Velasquez: Philip IV in middle life.

Memling's "Man with a Pink" is superbly simple, and with Breughel the Younger's wedding dance, represents early Flemish art. This latter painting, by the way, seems to have many points in common with the Elder Breughel's wedding dance, well known to Canadians who visit the Detroit Art Institute. The Gallery's own Rubens sketch, "The Elevation of the Cross," points the contrast between the turbulent Fleming and the incredibly precise still-lifes of the little Dutch masters.

A group of American painters rounds out the showing. Bellows' famous "Stag at Sharkey's" is the

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most dramatically native of a school which, as a whole, shows very strong French influence. And don't miss because it's tucked away in a corner.

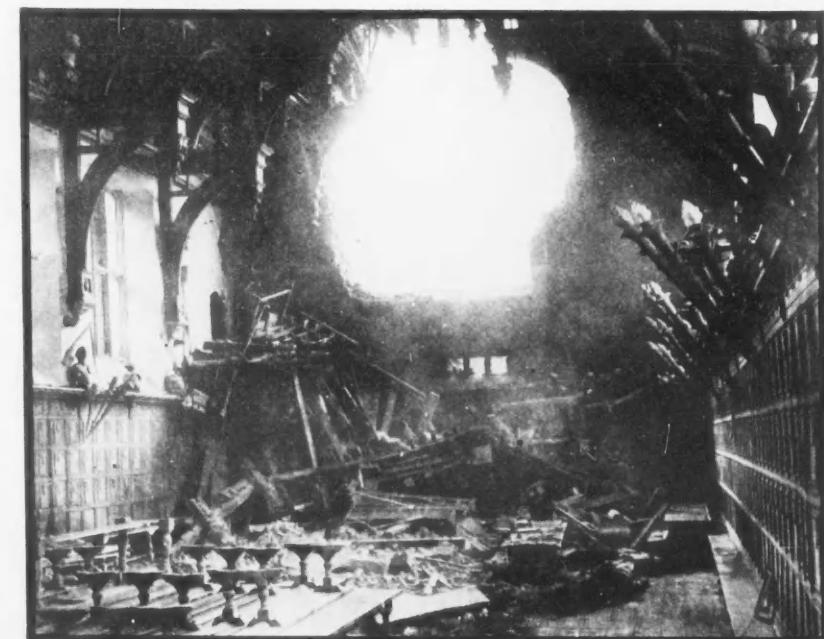
John James Audubon's delightful portrait of a Miss Mowat, in which he treats her print dress with the loving care usually reserved for the plumage of birds.

This exhibition can hardly fail to be a success, for it brings to a good cause, as much good painting of the past as we are likely to see here for the duration. It is on view until December 15th.

THE second of the Print Room shows at the Art Gallery of Toronto consists of work by four women painters: B. Cogill Haworth, Rody Kenny Courtice, Yvonne McGague Housser and Isabel McLaughlin. Mrs. Housser and Miss McLaughlin stem fairly directly from the Group of Seven tradition, which, however, they have moulded to their own particular talent. Mrs. Housser's work is sober and serious; she has a strong sense of decorative design, and a flair for simplification which makes

such diverse subjects as Northern Ontario mines and the Cornish Riviera similar exercises in understatement. Miss McLaughlin's work is uneven, ranging from a rather garish painting of a negro church to a strongly knit and well felt out study of a windy day. In this, her sense of allied tones achieves an effect of sombre strength.

Mrs. Courtice is a sprightly experimentalist, with a good sense of the ridiculous. Sometimes, as is inevitable, the experiments don't come off, but Mrs. Courtice varies the ingredients until the recipe is a success. A landscape with a wooden horse in the foreground is in the best tradition of whimsy, and you feel that Miss Courtice should undoubtedly illustrate a book for children. Mrs. Haworth's work is perhaps the strongest. She has a good sense of paint, welds her brush with bravura, and knows exactly what she wants and how to get it. You may feel that the animals with which she peoples her landscapes are deficient in bony structure, but the landscapes themselves are boldly designed, and surely painted.



Interior of Middle Temple Hall, London, after a direct hit by a bomb.

# Schools Across the Sea

BY CATHERINE STEPHEN

THIS is the story of two little girls at school. It is a cross-section of British and Canadian education. Perhaps it may throw light on some of the questions we have been asking since our war-guests arrived.

Jane and Rosemary are the daughters of a professor in a Scottish University. Jane started to attend the High School at the age of four and a half. This was six months younger than usual, but she sat quietly at her desk, wearing her little navy blue tunic and blouse, and joined in the lessons when she could. Meanwhile her sister Rosemary, aged three, went to a "nursery school," where she learnt to do up her shoes and wash her hands, besides reading and writing alphabet and numbers. This nursery school was privately owned and conducted; it cost £12 a year. (\$54.) The High School was owned by the municipality and conducted by it under a mutual arrangement with the Scottish Education Authority; it cost £4 a year (\$18), plus about the same for a uniform. Jane could of course have gone to a private school, of which there were two in the town, but the fees at the High School were lower and the teaching better. Its only disadvantage was the size of the classes—25 to 30. Socially, an interesting movement was just starting. Professional people were beginning in increasing numbers to send their children to the more democratic and businesslike High School, while snobbish townsfolk "in trade" were straining every nerve to pay the high fees of the private schools, where there were a few children of the landed gentry. I must add that in Scotland old-fashioned class distinctions still existed before the war.

THIS was admirably equipped with shelters, to say nothing of a large swimming-pool and extensive playing fields. The uniform, of grey and soft blue, was sensible, very pretty, and suitable for holiday wear. The teaching was good, particularly the hand-work, but not very strenuous, at least in the junior school, (5-12). It was a lovely school, but what annoyed the parents was the expense involved—more than \$200 for one term. It was even more annoying, in view of the fact that Jane and Rosemary left for Canada before the term was finished!

THE two little girls continued happily at the High School, where Rosemary joined her sister at the age of four years nine months. Then in September 1939 their education suffered its first check. The outbreak of war found the school it had 600 pupils without air-raid shelters. Eventually shelters were built. The autumn term began six or seven weeks late, and when it did begin the older children were seriously handicapped by having to work only half-time, as the shelters could not accommodate more than half the school. As the winter drew on the problems of the time-table became quite insoluble, especially as all the children had to be home before the black-out, around 4 p.m. in mid-winter. However these difficulties did not affect Jane and Rosemary, except

that they reacted a little to the general feeling of strain in the school.

Suddenly in the early spring they were snatched away from the High School. Their father took a wartime job in London, and their mother rented a house outside Oxford to be near him. Here there was a choice of two schools. The first was the village school, an elementary one taking about 50 local children between 5 and 11. It was free, and any child had a right to attend. (In fact, parents are bound by law to send their children there, unless they make satisfactory alternative arrangements, and the mother of Jane and Rosemary was interviewed by a School Attendance Officer on the subject only ten days after she moved in. The Board of Education has an admirable intelligence system!) But the children in the village school had perpetually running noses and clumsy Oxfordshire accents, so Jane and Rosemary were sent to a private school in the neighborhood.

THIS was admirably equipped with shelters, to say nothing of a large swimming-pool and extensive playing fields. The uniform, of grey and soft blue, was sensible, very pretty, and suitable for holiday wear. The teaching was good, particularly the hand-work, but not very strenuous, at least in the junior school, (5-12). It was a lovely school, but what annoyed the parents was the expense involved—more than \$200 for one term. It was even more annoying, in view of the fact that Jane and Rosemary left for Canada before the term was finished!

Now they are going to a High School in a Canadian city. Jane, aged just 7, is in the third grade, Rosemary, aged 5, is in the first grade and complains bitterly that it is "too easy." They find the classes as large or larger than in Scotland, but the discipline very different. Jane remarked that she found it hard to work because of the continual talking in class. Their mother has had to buy yet another uniform, costing to date for the pair about \$30. The uniform consists of middy blouses and skirts, and in a streamlined age a more preposterous outfit could hardly be designed. The garment consists of six separate pieces, fastened together with no less than thirteen buttons. Jane also has to have navy serge bloomers for drill, an exact copy of those worn by modest lady bicyclists in the '80's.

But this perhaps is irrelevant. The main point of this story, by now a familiar one to us, is that Jane and Rosemary are ahead of their Canadian contemporaries, in spite of having been shifted from school to school during the past year. We wonder if there can be any mysterious effect of climate or diet, when we see these little visitors outpacing mentally our own healthier and bigger children. But Jane and Rosemary started school a year or two earlier, not wasting that precious time, all too short, in which habits of industry are formed and memory works like a machine. They have always taken school seriously, have never been allowed to miss a day except for very good reason. Their mother never "talks down" to them, helps them with their homework, enlarges their experience by reading good books to them, turns out their bedroom light by 7:15 every night, Hallowe'en or not. There is no magic about this—simply a continuance of the old Scottish principle that the working life of mankind starts in the sixth year.

There is no reason in the world why Canadian children should not start school regularly at five. Those who live in cities are far better in school than playing in a cramped apartment or trailing round the shops. Of course Canada will have to spend more on education, have larger school buildings, more classrooms, more teachers, to say nothing of paying teachers a fair wage for highly-skilled and important work. This in turn will of course bring the unwelcome corollary of higher taxes. But if an under-populated country showing signs of population decline is to extend its productivity there must be a large proportion of skilled workers who can control the machinery we are using as a substitute for human hands.

BECAUSE we Canadians are sentimental about our children, regard school as just another kind of play, allow the edge to be taken off their naturally keen minds with radio and movies, we must expect to have a standard of education lower than the British, even up to the universities. But if we really care about our national reputation in intellectual and cultural matters, to say nothing of our technical ability, we must start thinking of our nurseries and school-rooms as workshops of the future.

## Visiting With the French

BY J. J. ELLIS

THE latest addition to the annual prize list at Upper Canada College is a striking evidence of the growth of better understanding between the English-speaking and French-speaking peoples of Canada. His Excellency the Governor-General, who presented the prizes at this year's Prize Day, seemed to take a special interest in the first Vaillancourt prize, won by M. W. Bremner, and given by Emile Vaillancourt, the well known Montreal publicist and economist, for progress in the French language.

The establishment of this prize is a direct tribute to the work done by one of the U.C.C. masters, J. H. Biggar, towards promoting national unity. In the summer of 1936 Mr. Biggar introduced into this country a scheme of student exchange that has long been popular in Europe. It is operated by a society known as "Visites Interprovinciales," and its object is to develop "better relations between the two great races of Canada by arranging with French-speaking families to receive English-speaking students as members of their families for some weeks during the summer, and for English-speaking families to receive French-speaking students."

The campaign opened on a very modest scale, only three students being placed the first summer. Until this year all the details of finance, correspondence and organizing have fallen upon Mr. Biggar personally, but the idea has taken hold so rapidly that it has grown beyond the capacity of one man, and during the

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past summer a large committee was formed at Toronto with Mr. Biggar as its secretary-treasurer, and other committees were formed in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec. The method of operation is extremely simple: "Visites Interprovinciales" puts the interested families in touch with one another, supplying as much information as possible, and the families make their own arrangements directly. Whenever possible the society makes efforts to become personally acquainted with the families concerned. Last summer Mr. Biggar provided me with a list of Eastern Townships families to interview. Invariably, when I introduced myself as a representative of

le fondateur de Visites Interprovinciales, Madame et Monsieur received me cordially. I gathered information such as the ages, numbers and sexes of the children, if there was swimming in the vicinity, the opportunities for sport in the village, and so forth. This I sent to Mr. Biggar and it formed a basis for sending the right student to the most suitable family. The Society makes no charge for this service.

The most satisfactory age group for students is between twelve and eighteen. Efforts are made primarily towards placing participants in representative homes in the country, but if a preference is stated for Montreal a home will be found there.

## MUSICAL EVENTS

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From the standpoint of listener interest the Symphony played last week is uneven. It starts off with a noble, simple theme, but the lengthy first movement, despite Elgar's remarkable skill in scoring, is incoherent and patchy. It improves in the second movement, and the last two, Adagio and Lento-Allegro, are rich in emotional melody and grandiose effect. The work makes extreme demands on every section of an orchestra, and Sir Ernest's virile, imaginative grasp of his task was shown in the magnificent climaxes he built up. A listless performance would have driven many out into the night.

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program. It is profound in feeling and emotional sweep, but one could not help noting that Brahms, though much greater in inspiration than Elgar, was less adept in orchestral device.

Neither Brahms nor Elgar took any laurels away from Beethoven. For music-lovers unconcerned with new sensations the great event of the evening was his Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, with Norman Wilks at the keyboard. It would be gilding refined gold to enter on a detailed laudation of what is probably the finest work of its kind ever inscribed on music paper. Mr. Wilks is so modest that he is perhaps undervalued by his fellow citizens; but certainly no visiting artist however famous could have asked a greater avalanche of applause than awaited him on the conclusion of the masterpiece. His touch was beautiful and satisfying; his phrasing replete with sympathy and dignity, and his execution precise and brilliant. Moreover there was perfect unity of purpose between conductor and soloist.

#### Flagstad's Return

The recital of the great prima donna Kirsten Flagstad at Massey Hall last week had sentimental aspects not present in her previous appearances. Since her last appearance in Toronto, her birthplace, Oslo, Norway, has been the scene of an attempt to assassinate a free and courageous nation. Norway is much with us to-day and in the audience were many young Norwegian airmen now being schooled in Canada. Most of her program was in her native language, but translations were provided.

She has never in previous visits sung quite so well. The ease with which she can, on occasion, flood a vast auditorium with pure and golden tone was never more apparent; and I still await an opportunity to catch her in the act of breathing. The way she forms a full tone is enthralling; and she is more free



Jan Chamberlain, monologuist, who will make her Toronto debut in the solo drama field on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 3, Hart House Theatre.



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## AT THE THEATRE

### Amplifying American Burlesque

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

THE inventor of the amplifier may not have known it, but he was starting American comedy upon a new and richer era. There is now no limit to the extent to which a vaudeville revue can be made "louder and funnier," except the capacity of the human ear-drum to endure it. "Hellzapoppin" is by many hundreds of decibels the loudest show ever presented at the Royal Alexandra Theatre.

It

is also the most entirely crazy. It goes on all over the house, and between the acts, and after "God Save the King." Much of the performance takes place in the aisles, in the boxes, and for aught we know out in the lobby. The atmosphere of an insane asylum is cleverly registered at the outset by the entrance of a gentleman who comes in from the lobby, marches down the aisle and over the bridge on to the stage, and sits there reading a paper throughout the show, including the entr'acte. It is maintained by a continuous use of revolvers, percussion instruments and amplifiers. It is stimulated by a constant supply of interruptions, partly staged and partly natural, from the audience. At any minute the lady who goes with you to the theatre may find the heavy comedian seated in her lap, or herself being presented with a stepladder or a 20-pound bag of flour.

Apart from the increase in decibels it is just good old-fashioned burlesque, even down to the delivery of a sentimental recitation by the fattest of the comedians. It contains two extremely clever turns, in addition to Ben Dova, who did not seem, to our possibly jaded palate, quite as

clever as the last time he upset his lamp-post in the same theatre. These are the three Oxford Boys in a series of imitations of radio orchestras and singers which fascinated the radio fans in the audience (about 99 per cent), and Grace and Nikko, a burlesque acrobatic dance turn of great skill and originality.

Billy House and Eddy Garr, the headliners, are — well, burlesque headliners. There is nothing more to say either in accusation or in defense, except that they are definitely not Olsen and Johnson. The Murtah Sisters sing, and there are three of them. The Readinger twins dance, and there are two of them. Eddie Hunt conducts, and there is only one of him, and according to the records he has been mixed up in the music of this show ever since it opened in September 1938 in New York. In point of time he keeps the performers together with marvelous precision. In point of tune it does not matter whether they are together or not; in fact the show is probably improved by a bit of discord.

The dialogue is entirely respectable, and so are the garments of the chorus. "Hellzapoppin's" assault upon the senses is almost entirely aural. It relies upon gunpowder rather than body powder. It is explosive rather than exposive. It is more clamorous than glamorous. In a word, it is the big noise of the season.

TUESDAY EVE., NOV. 26

**TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**  
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SIR THOMAS

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Sir Thomas Beecham, who will be guest conductor with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 26.

# N. Y. Times' Man at Ottawa

BY L. L. GOLDEN

WITHIN the last year the *New York Times*' men have done a great deal to open Canada's thinking to the United States. John MacCormac's fine job in "Canada: America's problem" did more in just one book to give the Canadian picture than has anyone else. Hanson Baldwin did a better job, after one week in Canada, than any Canadian newspaper man in giving the picture of Canada's war effort, its good aspects and its faults and in one article. Frederick Birchall, though ill for a good part of his 11 months' stay at Ottawa, contributed one of the best of the "Face The Facts" series over the radio. And now to

replace Birchall, who goes to ease and the editorial columns of the *Times*, comes Percy James Philip fresh from France and an excellent series of articles on the state of that unhappy country since its capitulation.

First class correspondents at Ottawa are of greatest importance in peace. Now while Canada is at war and with a number of Canadian papers afraid to let out a peep it is more than ever essential that capable men should be doing national affairs even if they are done for the American press rather than our own. The standing of the *Times* is so high for good reporting and background that pieces in the New York paper may have much more effect than a single equivalent piece in one of the Dominion's newspapers. It is therefore important that Canada be covered for the *Times* by a fully qualified and highly trained correspondent. And if Mr. Philip's stories from France are the basis for any judgment, Canadian affairs will be ably dealt with for influential American readers.

LIKE many *Times* men, Percy Philip is not an American. He is a Scot. Birchall is an Englishman. MacCormac is a Canadian. All have done excellent work for the American readers. Philip has only been on this continent twice

Mr. PHILIP doesn't think newspaper men should be interviewed. Instead of telling this correspondent the facts of his life he took out his pen and wrote some of them. It is useless to try and spoil those notes. Here they are just as he wrote them.

"Born—New Galloway, Scotland—1886.

"Percy James Philip.

"P. J. P. who has come to O. as N.Y.T. correspondent considers that he died on May 18, this year, and what may happen to him for the rest of his life will be on 'borrowed time'. On the 17th Philip escaped being killed by G. bombs in Cambrai station by the time it would take to cover sixty yards on a bicycle. On the 18th he escaped being shot as a spy parachutist by a bare minute. If he hadn't insisted on putting on his boots before being executed he would not be here in Ottawa.

"Son—Rev. Pirie Philip B.D. of Kells — Educated George Watson's College, Edinburgh. Began study medicine Edinburgh University but gave it up because he found he wasn't interested in people's bodies. Worked for 3 years on the staff of the Oxford English Dictionary under Sir James Murray. Found scholastic life wasn't amusing so tried farming as a laborer for three dollars a week. Took a trip to Germany in 1910 and started writing for the London *Daily News*. This time he discovered he was doing what he wanted to do and joined the D.N. staff in London. Went to Belgium and Northern France as correspondent that paper at beginning 1914 war and to Paris as assistant correspondent 1916 after repeated failures to get to the front as a soldier.

"Joined N.Y.T. Paris staff January 10, 1920, as assistant to Mr. Edwin L. James now Managing Editor.

"Married."

THERE we have the facts as Percy Philip wrote them down himself while having breakfast coffee on Sparks Street, Ottawa.

If public men were as hard to get anything out of as the new *Times* man is, then interviewing would take on a new form. Whatever his inclinations however on the subject of personal interviews this very pleasing craftsman will be a welcome addition to the Parliamentary Press Gallery and a swell fellow to have around Ottawa.

## A SINGULAR EXPORT

BY AUSTIN WRIGHT

Percy J. Philip, correspondent of the *New York Times* at Ottawa. He was with the *Times* for 20 years in France before being sent over to Canada.

before this trip. In '36 he was on a visit for three weeks. In '24 he was on a three weeks' visit. Yet he has no burr. His American cannot be differentiated from that of any other well-read man doing similar work in the United States although he has lived in France for 23 years and has spent 20 of those years with the *New York Times* there.

Philip wears horn-rimmed glasses when he has time to put them on. When this tall, sandy-haired fellow is in a hurry to glance at a note he pulls out a monocle and sticks it in his right eye, easy as that. But before any supernationalists start condemning, let it be said that he is an unaffected, pleasant person who was taken aback when asked to sit for a picture and be interviewed for publication.

On the other side of the fence for a change, Percy Philip was not an easy subject on the facts of his own existence. But he did say that he spoke French, German and American as well as English. He also said that his father is a Presbyterian minister and wanted the son to become a parson. That the son had hoped to come out to Canada and farm and is sorry he didn't come sooner.

Percy Philip also covered the marriage of the Duke of Windsor and likes the couple very much. At the Duke's wedding he had to make a last minute speech of congratulations since he was president of the Anglo-American Press Association in Paris. Philip thinks the Duke would have made a first class newspaperman.

He told us in excellent English of the exciting days he had come through since the despoiling of his country by the Huns of the conflicting and confusing radio messages he had received, some urging him to seek a neutral port and others to go to a British port—and of his delight at the hospitality of the Halifax people.

He mentioned only one item of his cargo, and I am wondering how many people would ever think of an industry such as that which had made this shipment. None of us had. He was carrying eight tons of dead flies! Not flies for fishing or for museums, but just ordinary house flies that had been raised on a fly farm. He asked us to guess the use of this strange cargo, but our imaginations failed us. He explained that it was being shipped from America to Europe as food for frogs!

We were convinced at the time, but I have since wondered if it were not our legs that he had in mind instead of the frogs!

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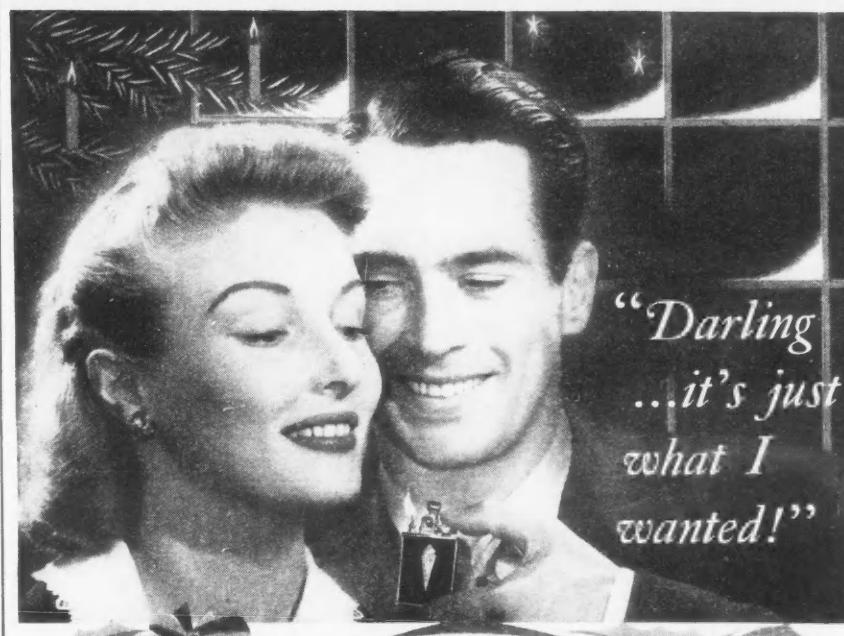
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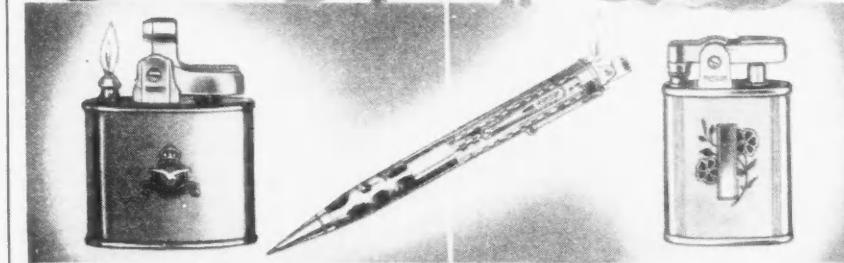
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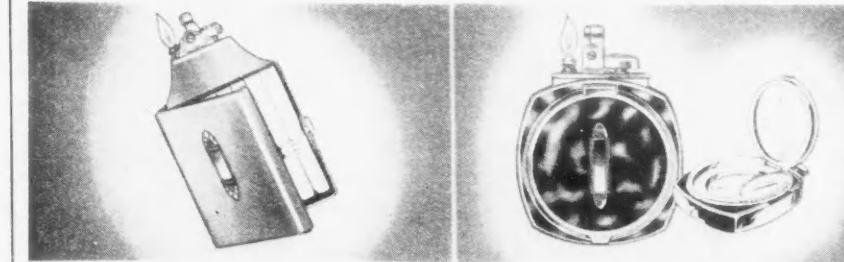
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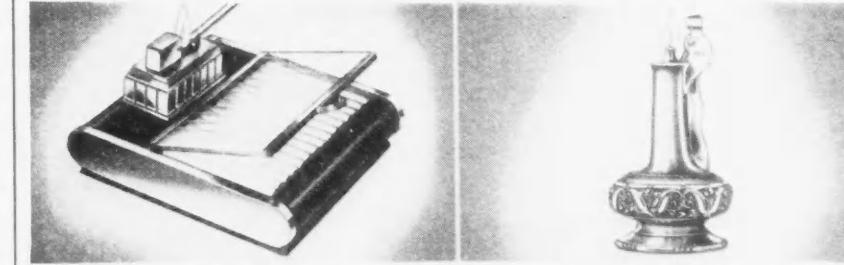
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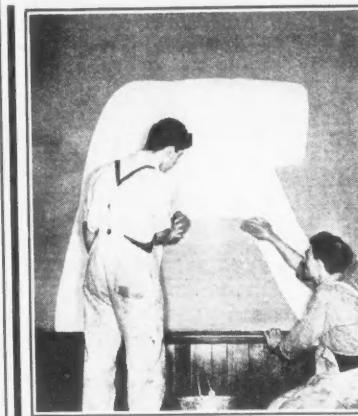
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Sir Thomas Beecham, who will be guest conductor with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 26.

# N.Y. Times' Man at Ottawa

BY L. L. GOLDEN

WITHIN the last year the *New York Times*' men have done a great deal to open Canada's thinking to the United States. John MacCormac's fine job in "Canada: America's problem" did more in just one book to give the Canadian picture than has anyone else. Hanson Baldwin did a better job, after one week in Canada, than any Canadian newspaper man in giving the picture of Canada's war effort, its good aspects and its faults and in one article. Frederick Birchall, though ill for a good part of his 11 months' stay at Ottawa, contributed one of the best of the "Face The Facts" series over the radio. And now to

replace Birchall, who goes to ease and the editorial columns of the *Times*, comes Percy James Philip fresh from France and an excellent series of articles on the state of that unhappy country since its capitulation.

First class correspondents at Ottawa are of greatest importance in peace. Now while Canada is at war and with a number of Canadian papers afraid to let out a peep it is more than ever essential that capable men should be doing national affairs even if they are done for the American press rather than our own. The standing of the *Times* is so high for good reporting and background that pieces in the New York paper may have much more effect than a single equivalent piece in one of the Dominion's newspapers. It is therefore important that Canada be covered for the *Times* by a fully qualified and highly trained correspondent. And if Mr. Philip's stories from France are the basis for any judgment, Canadian affairs will be ably dealt with for influential American readers.

LIKE many *Times* men, Percy Philip is not an American. He is a Scot. Birchall is an Englishman. MacCormac is a Canadian. All have done excellent work for the American readers. Philip has only been on this continent twice



Percy J. Philip, correspondent of the *New York Times* at Ottawa. He was with the *Times* for 20 years in France before being sent over to Canada.

## A SINGULAR EXPORT

BY AUSTIN WRIGHT

before this trip. In '36 he was on a visit for three weeks. In '34 he was on a three weeks' visit. Yet he has no burr. His American cannot be differentiated from that of any other well-read man doing similar work in the United States although he has lived in France for 23 years and has spent 20 of those years with the *New York Times* there.

Philip wears horn-rimmed glasses when he has time to put them on. When this tall, sandy-haired fellow is in a hurry to glance at a note he pulls out a monocle and sticks it in his right eye, easy as that. But before any supernationalists start condemning, let it be said that he is an unaffected, pleasant person who was taken aback when asked to sit for a picture and be interviewed for publication.

On the other side of the fence for a change, Percy Philip was not an easy subject on the facts of his own existence. But he did say that he spoke French, German and American as well as English. He also said that his father is a Presbyterian minister and wanted the son to become a parson. That the son had hoped to come out to Canada and farm and is sorry he didn't come sooner.

Percy Philip also covered the marriage of the Duke of Windsor and likes the couple very much. At the Duke's wedding he had to make a last minute speech of congratulations since he was president of the Anglo-American Press Association in Paris. Philip thinks the Duke would have made a first class newspaperman.

MR. PHILIP doesn't think newspaper men should be interviewed. Instead of telling this correspondent the facts of his life he took out his pen and wrote some of them. It is useless to try and spoil those notes. Here they are just as he wrote them.

"Born—New Galloway, Scotland 1886.

"Percy James Philip.

"P. J. P. who has come to O. as N.Y.T. correspondent considers that he died on May 18, this year, and what may happen to him for the rest of his life will be on 'borrowed time'. On the 17th Philip escaped being killed by G. bombs in Cambrai station by the time it would take to cover sixty yards on a bicycle. On the 18th he escaped being shot as a spy parachutist by a bare minute. If he hadn't insisted on putting on his boots before being executed he would not be here in Ottawa.

"Son—Rev. Pirie Philip B.D. of Kells — Educated George Watson's College, Edinburgh. Began study medicine Edinburgh University but gave it up because he found he wasn't interested in people's bodies. Worked for 3 years on the staff of the Oxford English Dictionary under Sir James Murray. Found scholastic life wasn't amusing so tried farming as a laborer for three dollars a week. Took a trip to Germany in 1910 and started writing for the London *Daily News*. This time he discovered he was doing what he wanted to do and joined the D.N. staff in London. Went to Belgium and Northern France as correspondent that paper at beginning 1914 war and to Paris as assistant correspondent 1916 after repeated failures to get to the front as a soldier.

"Joined N.Y.T. Paris staff January 10, 1920, as assistant to Mr. Edwin L. James now Managing Editor.

"Married."

THERE we have the facts as Percy Philip wrote them down himself while having breakfast coffee on Sparks Street, Ottawa.

If public men were as hard to get anything out of as the new *Times* man is, then interviewing would take on a new form. Whatever his inclinations however on the subject of personal interviews this very pleasing craftsman will be a welcome addition to the Parliamentary Press Gallery and a swell fellow to have around Ottawa.

• •

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## AMERICA IN THE WORLD TODAY

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## CONCERNING FOOD

### Will You Lunch At Home?

BY JANET MARCH

"THIRTY-TWO, thirty-three, thirty-four dozen pairs," she said straightening up from a packing case.

"Why, my dear it's you! I don't seem to have seen you for years."

"No one ever sees anyone these days," said the blonde gloomily, sticking her pencil more firmly into her curls and making another headlong dive into a sea of army socks.

"Giants—that's what they think our men are. That's a thirteen inch foot if I know my socks."

"Probably the woman who knitted

it got to talking and knitting at the same time and just when she got to the off-the-record story of the local scandal she got to the toe too. Scandals and stitch counting don't mix, so she went straight on."

"Well, if you have to turn three inches up over the top of your toes it's likely to give discomfort route marching."

"Yes, but maybe the boy who gets this will be mechanized, and any way large socks are good for polishing things. The men learned that in the last war. Don't worry, stick it in."

"Twenty-three, twenty-four, the label's lost, when we do see each other all we do is babbie about socks. I want to hear about what you've been doing."

"Well socks, canteen, and doing things up in parcels for England are about all I have been doing. I go home at night and take my shoes off and it would take a thousand pound bomb to get me out most nights."

"That's just about what I do too. They used to say war was glamorous but I haven't smelt a sniff of glamor."

"Well I must get back to my job. Can we ever see each other?"

"What about lunch? We have to eat."

"That's right. Lunch on Thursday at Blank's at one o'clock. That will be fine."

Goodness knows what the cooks do these days at lunch time. More and more women who used to have the words "of leisure" after their names fly out the door at nine o'clock and aren't seen again till five. They eat lunch hither and yon, in the restaurants near the Red Crosses, in the department stores after a quick shopping trip and in the clubs. This saves time two ways,



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## Christie's Biscuits

"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"



England's answer to the "after the silk has gone" stocking problem.

one in getting to and from home and the other in thinking up what to have. Business women who have done this for years take it in their stride, but it's hard on the woman of forgotten leisure, used to having at least a couple of peaceful daylight hours in her own house. With all due respect to the present excellence and variety of restaurant and club meals, there's something about walking in at your own door, washing your hands in your own bathroom and sitting down to a meal unchosen from a menu card. Try it, you lunchers-out, and see if you don't feel better in that endless 3:30-4:30 hour. If you will get yourselves home I'll think up some food for you to order, simple things which don't add much to the shopping list.

Soup, green salad and coffee—large coffees, demi-tasses have no place on a war worker's luncheon menu—make a good meal. The soup to last you through must be a thick one and soup has this advantage, it can be snatched from the back of the stove and served to you almost before you've had time to take your hat off and pat the dog.

### Cream of Potato Soup

The war will probably bring the potato into its own again. If we all run fast enough we won't get so fat, and it's cheap and nourishing and one of the finest vegetables in the world. Take four biggish ones and parboil them for fifteen minutes. Drain them and pour on two cupfuls of boiling water. Add a chopped onion, a bay leaf and a stalk of chopped celery. When the potatoes are soft put them and the onion and celery through the ricer and put the purée aside to keep hot. Melt three tablespoons of butter and stir in two of flour. Season well, remembering that potatoes and black pepper are affinities. Add a quart of milk and stir till it thickens, then add the potato purée. Season and serve.

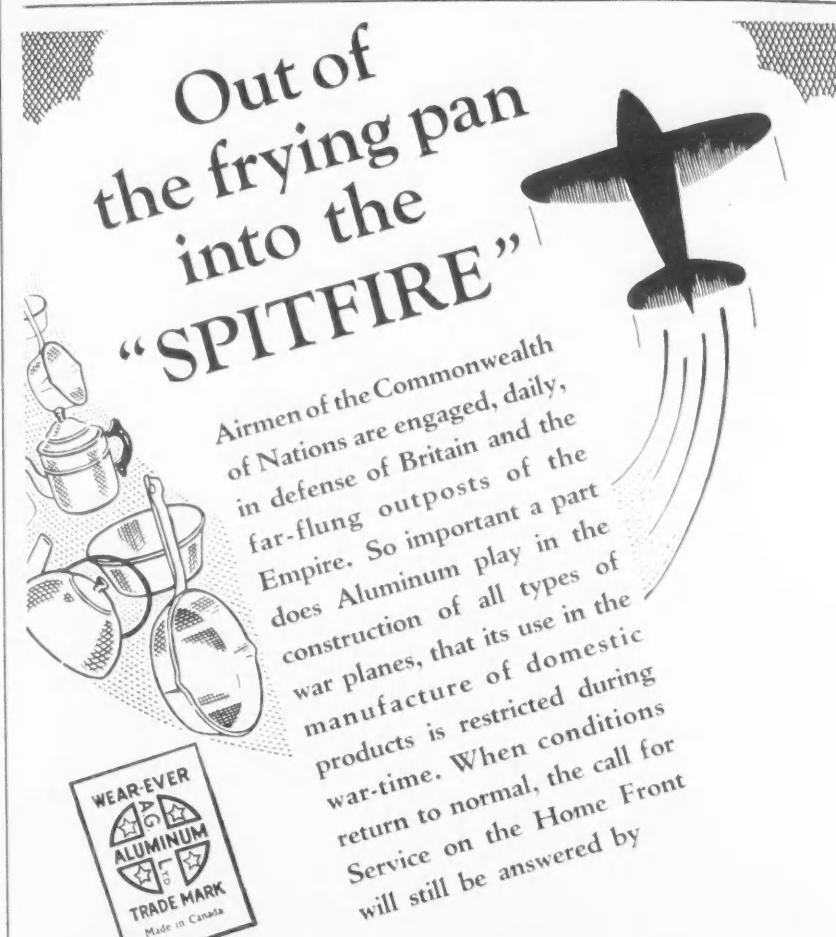
### Scallop Soup

This is an even more substantial soup. Cut up about a pint of scallops in smallish pieces and put them on to simmer in a quart of milk for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Put in a sliced chopped onion, pepper and salt, and a clove. Make a sauce with three tablespoons of butter and two of flour and stir in the milk and scallops slowly, stirring hard to avoid lumps. Serve in large bowls with plenty of Melba toast.

If you are the proud owner of a cook who can make real French omelets, use her talents early and late. There's nothing like them, done just right so that they are mildly drippy in the middle but never tough on the outside. People tell you it's all the pan or the amount of butter or the heat of the stove, but it's none of these things alone. It's a gift. An omelet with two tablespoons of sautéed mushrooms in its centre, followed by a dish of your own damson preserve with thin crisp cookies and then the inevitable coffee, and a woman is fit for anything.

### Sandwiches

If you watch women ordering in restaurants these days they very often choose sandwiches, so why not have them at home where you can



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think up something besides the usual cheese, bacon, tomato, ham and chicken. A toasted sandwich is good, and for the day when you don't know whether you'll get home at 12:00 or 1:30 a cold sandwich sitting in the refrigerator is a solution.

Did you ever try a ham sandwich with currant jelly, made with rye bread? Of course for a hot sandwich you can't beat the classic Club, though personally I think three deckers hard to manage either by fork or hand. I'd rather have two sandwiches on the same plate, one

chicken and tomato and one bacon and tomato. This is heresy but sandwich to me is something that can be eaten in the hand while you read the neglected morning paper.

If you can find real Gruyere with large holes in it these days, make a sandwich by cutting thin slices and fill the holes in the cheese with a paste made of mustard, anchovy paste and butter.

Last but not least is the rare roast beef sandwich with lettuce, mayonnaise and English mustard, the monarch of them all.

# "THE BACK PAGE"

## Copperheads and Critics

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

I HAVE written and published forty-four books. How good or bad they are is not for me to say. That's something the critics, the busy tea-tasters of literature, attend to. But it's natural that a war-scarred author, after nearly half a century of ushering his brain-children into this troubled world, should accumulate certain impressions of the judicial

gentlemen who perennially decide his literary fate.

To them, of course, he is a mere smear on a slide. And what they have to say, after detecting his bacterial constituency, he must accept in silence. But the meekest worm of an author, while being estimated, eventually learns to estimate his estimators. He begins to feel that



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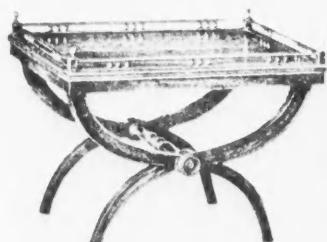
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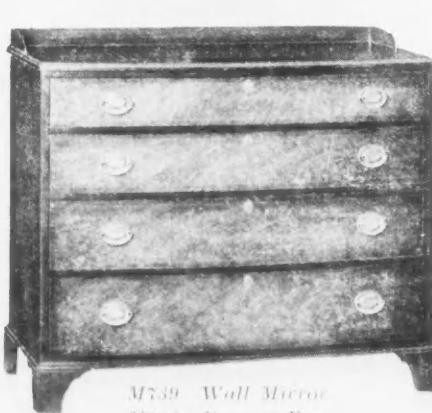
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somebody should take care of the caretaker's daughter. And there is, after all, no law against criticizing the critics.

While time has taught me that these same critics vary in their verdicts, that what is manna from heaven for one may seem like skunk-cabbage to another, time has also taught me that these assessing gentlemen vary in the way they voice their opinions. Some are curt and some are loquacious. Some are academic and coldly impersonal. Some are kindly and paternally indulgent, while others turn out to be acrobatic exhibitionists, promptly appropriating the author as a springboard from which they go through the epigrammatic air with the greatest of ease. Still others might be described as sniffer-hounds, so intent on the unearthing of a minor discrepancy that the discovery of a split infinitive seems to loom more important than any trifling exegesis of the author's ultimate intent. Still others again are hammer-of-Thor phrase-thumpers so determined to demonstrate their mental muscularity that the limp victim of their onslaught feels like a canary cannonaded by a Big Bertha. Some are blind-alley specialists furiously resentful of any intrusion on their own special field, while others nurse a passion for sleuthing out literary parallelisms and promptly denouncing the reiterant author as a plagiarist. But critics themselves are reiterant. Some of them, I find, have all the timidity of the white mouse and remain merely Charley McCarthy echoers of earlier opinions. For now and then an author, in going through his press-clippings and reviewing his Gallup-poll of the reviewers, will notice how a particular phrase or two can creep like a nettle-rash across the entire continent. It even leaves him wondering if there are not invisible spores of opinion, like those of influenza, which float in the air and eventually incubate on typewriter-ribbons.

### Dehydrated Professors

There are still other kinds of critics, God bless 'em. There's the dry-as-dust Jeremiah (he's usually a dehydrated college professor) who seems to classify authors as Custer classified Indians, contending that the only good ones are the dead ones. And in contrast to him there's the free-and-easy adjudicator of aesthetic values who jazzes up his literary judgments with personal issues and the confession that stewed tomatoes give him acid indigestion. But the most arresting of them all, to me, is the apostle of hate who pounces on a book very much as a farm collie pounces on a pole-cat. There are not many of these *blitzkrieg* book-reviewers. But here and there across the map, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, you will find a lone-wolf snarl-dispenser lurking in his editorial cave and waiting for his prey. Then, with a malignity that could make old Jeffreys of the *Quarterly* turn in his grave, he lets himself go and luxuriates in all the venom of a coiled copperhead.

Just what fun he gets out of ferocity is beyond me. But he must be faced as a fact. For even authors of established reputation have a copperhead or two along their paths of endeavor. All you have to do is glance through Mordell's "Notorious Literary Attacks," for example, to realize that with some spirits the famous must remain forever infamous. Every artist, apparently, has his enemy. He may, of course, console himself with the claim that these *ipso-dicti* individuals who ladle out their inky poison are really compensating for their own recent or remote failures in the realm of pure creation. But envy doesn't explain everything. And no one hungers to be the target of hatred, even when that hatred shows itself to be morbid and mendacious. Honest hostility can be faced by any intelligent author, though when a critic is friendly, I have observed, the temptation to impugn his honesty diminishes as his friendliness increases.

Yet living by the pen, I venture to claim, presupposes a certain amount of intelligence. The author, in fact, is forever playing critic with himself. He gets to know, or should get to know, his mistakes. He tries to grow into a realization of his various sins of omission and commission. He is



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### CHRISTMAS 1940

SING a song of Christmas,  
Of carols in the street,  
Of children's laughter, free and clear,  
Of shouted greetings, warm with cheer,  
And happy clangor, far and near,  
Of church-bells, loud and sweet.

"The bursting of bombs, the pounding of the anti-aircraft barrage and the wail of the sirens are now the familiar sounds of London... Church-bells will not be rung in England for the duration of the war except as a signal of invasion."

Sing a song of Christmas,  
Of friendly homes alight,  
Of candle's gleam and Yule log's glow,  
Of Christmas trees that proudly throw  
Their lovely light across the snow  
A gay and festive sight!

"Except for the searchlights, London's only illumination comes from fires started by incendiary bombs. These are extinguished as quickly as possible lest they serve as beacons for the Nazi planes."

Sing a song of Christmas,  
When children hold their sway,  
A time of joy and careless mirth,  
A time of prayer that peace on earth  
May mark a holy infant's birth  
Forever and a day.

"Last night bombs fell on London, the Midlands and the southeast coast. A number of civilians were killed and many more injured, among them inmates of a children's hospital."

HELEN SANGSTER

(Continued on Page 36)

Safety for the Investor

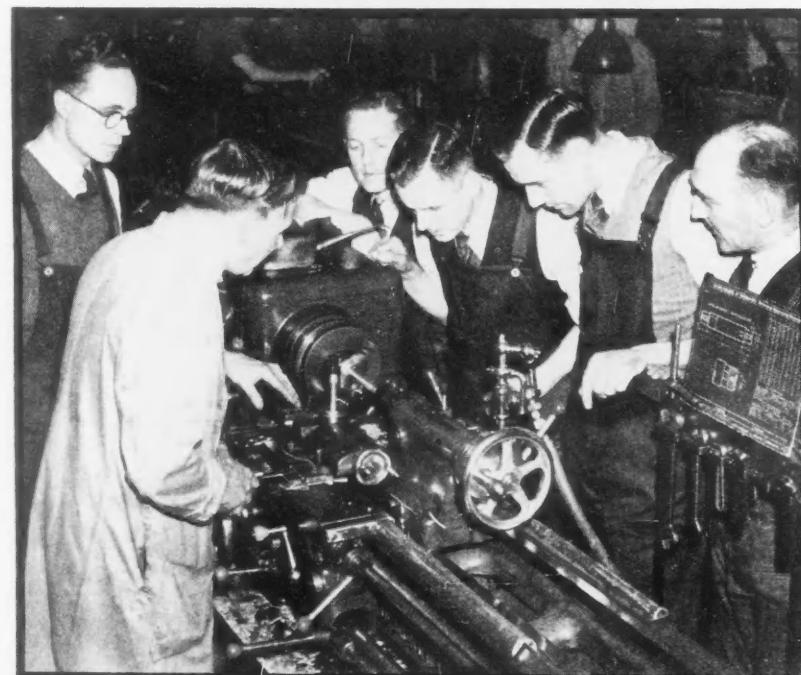
SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 23, 1940

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

## Land Tax Problem Unsolved, Land Values Drop



Under constant harassing, England is making heroic attempts to carry on. These girls, many of them from the city, are now working the land.



The armament industry is being stepped up to peak capacity and that means more and more men have to be trained to use precision machinery.



And above all, business must go on. Here are clerks at Lloyds of London carrying on in their own shelter during a bombing of the City.

BY H. E. MANNING, K.C.

THE war has made the solution of the land tax problem at once more urgent and more difficult.

More urgent because there is imminent danger that popular pressure will cause a widening of the demand for rent restriction, freezing rents at their present uneconomic low levels, and because the dollars that have to be paid in land taxes are sorely needed for the payment of national income levies, the weight of which is a shadow rapidly growing on our consciousness. It is more difficult because there is at the moment no hope that any great help will come to the municipal taxpayer from government contributions.

Only in respect of unemployment relief is there any immediate sign of improvement. The hope of important readjustment of the burden of municipal finance for social services, now about one-half of the characteristic urban budget, I mean school and relief expenditures, must be deferred until the end of the War.

But the cry for drastic relief is becoming urgent. It is a shocking thing that people's homes become insecure and their revenue-producing properties continue to be threatened by taxation based on assessments from which they cannot escape except by sacrificing their properties at a fraction of cost.

Relief we must have, if we are not to see progressive confiscation such as goes on downtown every time buildings have to be destroyed to make new parking lots, every time

another industry leaves an area of heavy taxation for one of lower, every time another property has to be sold at a fraction of the amount of its unjustifiable assessment.

That relief can only come from economy. Economy is the last thing really sought by most municipal councils, for they depend for their election on the good-will of civic employees' associations and of the non-taxpaying tenant vote. Civic employees and tenants have no real concern and exert no pressure for economy in municipal affairs.

## Consider Toronto

Consider for a moment the typical case of Toronto. The budget of Toronto is the most unyielding of all the budgets of municipalities in the metropolitan area. Only Toronto, Swansea and Forest Hill run their own affairs without outside control. All the other suburban municipalities with a population of close on 150,000 persons are under the strict supervision of the Department of Municipal Affairs. Every one of those municipalities must have its budget

scanned, pruned and approved before that budget can be the subject of a tax levy.

Toronto, so far, is free and has made substantial use of its freedom to spend money without regard to those economies which every business must practice if it is not to become insolvent. No business can afford to employ unnecessary clerks and workmen. No business can afford to pay more than the going rate of wages. Toronto cannot afford that luxury. Its Council takes no steps to grasp the nettle. Toronto drifts steadily toward a smash. The blame rests equally and heavily on the Board of Education of Toronto which is answerable for and uncontrollable in respect of about one-third of the total levy.

Look at these facts. At this day the Toronto Board of Education pays its high school teachers an average salary of \$3,115, and its public school teachers an average salary of \$2,125. They get a retiring pension at sixty-five years of age which costs a small annual contribution. That is more than 35% higher than the salaries paid in any suburban municipality

## THE BUSINESS ANGLE

## New Restrictions Ahead

BY P. M. RICHARDS

BIG things are developing in Canada's war effort, all designed to speed munitions production, increase government revenues, conserve U.S. exchange, make for greater co-ordination of effort and for a more efficient utilization of resources in materials, labor and public purchasing power, and generally to place the country in better position to meet the growing strain and demands of the war. Some of them undoubtedly will permanently affect Canadian life and economy.

Outstanding among coming events is the Dominion-provincial conference to consider action on the Sirois Commission's recommendations, which would transfer a lot of provincial taxing power and provincial expenditures to the Dominion, relieve the provinces of all their existing non-revenue-producing debt and provide, in effect, a check on future provincial borrowing. While not properly a war measure, implementation of the Commission's recommendations would unquestionably aid the war effort to the extent that it strengthened the national economy, particularly in respect of finances. Taking over by the Dominion of existing provincial debt would eliminate any chance of provincial defaults, which, if they occurred, would damage the national credit—a contingency more than ordinarily undesirable in view of the possibility of eventual loans from the United States.

## More Taxes, Limitations

Premier Churchill in England and Premier King in Canada have both warned their citizens that the burden of the war is going to increase. For Canadians at least, the indications are that it is going to be a very decided increase (Britain's burden was already much heavier than ours). Not only are taxes about to rise again, and sharply, but citizens will also have to accept, with the best grace they can, unprecedented restrictions on their volume of purchasing and selection of purchases.

These restrictions will be due partly to the urgent need for conserving supplies of U.S. dollars (it was estimated recently that the Dominion was going behind in this respect at the rate of about \$20 millions a month), partly to the need for freeing non-war labor for war production and for reducing the non-war consumption of certain raw materials, partly in

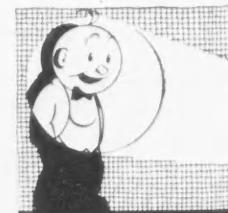
order to bring about a better distribution of the dwindling supply of commodities, and—probably not least—to the government's conviction that the public's consumption of goods must be reduced in order to make more money available for taxes and war bonds and savings certificates.

Supporting the coming restrictions on public spending will be the government's knowledge that retail business in Canada has been increasing despite higher taxes and such controls as have already been applied. The growth of sales of luxury goods has been particularly marked. The reason, of course, is the tremendous stimulation of business by war spending (Canada's war expenditures reached a new high of \$81 millions for the month of October) and the fact that many citizens are enjoying their first opportunity in years to purchase anything more than stark necessities. The government aims to transform this war spending into war saving.

## Cut Imports from U.S.

An important means of curtailing the public's spending, promoting saving and reducing the consumption of much-needed U.S. dollars is likely to be imposition of restrictions on the purchase of goods imported from the United States, such as citrus fruits, off-season vegetables, refrigerators, washing machines, radios, etc. There may also be regulation of the imports of crude oil and refined gasoline and rationing of oil and gasoline in Canada. Further curbs on the use of U.S. funds for non-essential purposes are also indicated.

But such things as these are, in all probability, only a beginning. It appears that Canadians are going to be made aware of the growing pressure of war by having to do without not a few goods and services they have been accustomed to in the past. And the deprivation is likely to be progressive, becoming more severe as time goes on, in line with the growing seriousness and increasing demands of the war overseas. The heavy bombing of British industrial centres, such as Coventry last week, will almost inevitably mean a greater dependence by Britain on supplies from this continent. Canada must meet the need, and the deprivation of her own citizens of accustomed comforts must not and will not be allowed to weigh against it.





Scrap aluminum, including many household utensils, is being converted into ingots prior to being used in the construction of aircraft.

other than Forest Hill Village. It is 17% higher for public school teachers than the salaries paid in Forest Hill. The cost per public school pupil is over 50% higher than that of other suburban municipalities except Forest Hill Village and about 7% higher than even that municipality's cost. Now the City Council can do nothing about this because the law gives them no control over school expenditure. The School Trustees will not do anything because the taxpayers of Toronto have only about one vote in every four that can be cast.

Ask yourself this. Do the doctors and the dentists, the engineers, the architects and the lawyers of Toronto get average incomes so high? Are bank managers paid so much? Do clergymen receive such remuneration? Do any of them get such pensions?

Toronto is run by a number of heads of departments. Council bows to them because no member of Council who ran foul of the civic employees could hope to be re-elected. Aldermen come and go. The departmental heads go on forever. They and the employees whose votes are the heart of the problem are the real masters of Toronto.

#### A Simple Example

Take a simple departmental example. City Hall Square is administered by the Parks Department. It has a bit of grass and some flower beds about it. The whole park area occupies not over half an acre. One man with a power-driven lawnmower could cut all the grass and do all the necessary trimming on two half days a week during seven months in the year and another day or so per week would do all the gardening needed. That little bit of greenery in 1935 cost over \$4,000. By marvelous economy the estimate for 1940 is \$2,268. It should cost less than \$1,000.

Take relief. In 1934 and 1935, there were as many as 120,000 to 130,000 persons on relief in Toronto. Relief head office and administration salaries in 1935 amounted to about \$287,000. The 1940 peak of relief is something around 60,000 persons, less than half the 1934-1935 peak. But the salary appropriation for 1940 was \$276,000, only \$11,000 less than the 1935 total.

Take wages. Businesses cannot afford to pay more in wages than the standard rates paid by their competitors in the labor market. There are no exceptions save one. That is that by paying more you get better service and more work per wage dollar. In getting more work per wage dollar, Toronto sets a hopelessly bad example. More than that, by setting a too high standard of wages for unskilled work, Toronto has discouraged industries from coming to this area. You may like it, or you may dislike it, but it is a fact, and that fact has hurt the development of Toronto and helped to send more than one large industry to other and more stable communities. Two reasons combine. One is that high taxes mean a steady threat to the future of an industry. The other is that uneconomically high wages spell industrial unrest.

Toronto civic wage scales are based upon a report made in 1927 without adequate comparative study and never since revised. Toronto pays 98 cents an hour to its trades employees. They are paid for a 48 hour week but they work only 44 hours.

Even cleaners get that. The men who rake up leaves in Queen's Park get that. Against this, East York pays 55 cents and Weston 40 cents an hour. Skilled factory workmen operating machines in industry in this area get no more than 50 cents an hour.

Elevator operators in the City Hall get from \$28.80 to \$30 a week. In the smartest of office buildings in Toronto they get \$20. The Property Department pays its charwomen \$20 a week for a 40-hour week. That is 50 cents an hour. For similar work charwomen in up-to-date office buildings get 37 cents an hour. How does that compare with the wages of trained stenographers who must have high school education? If you have a laundress at your house you probably pay her at the rate of 25 cents an hour and give her two meals and her fare each day.

I say this: every dollar of excessive wages paid is a dollar that causes unemployment to other workmen, a dollar off the pay of men who, but for excessive taxes, would be employed by the taxpayers of Toronto building up that City rather than tearing it down. The City Council insists on maintaining those wages. You see it means votes at the municipal election.

#### A Tentative Plan

Let me prove that. Recently Council has been toying with the idea of a pension scheme for all civic employees. It has unanimously approved a tentative plan for spending another \$280,000 yearly on pensions. Admirable! Security is always desirable for all of us, home owners and wage earners alike and I should be the last to criticize any sound pension scheme. But let it start at the right place.

Let it start with the re-organization of civic spending, the elimination of wasteful departmental organization, of unnecessary staffs of inspectors in the City Architect's Department, of clerks in the Relief Department, of outdoor staffs. Let it be founded upon a thorough re-classification on business lines and payment on business scales, not on political considerations. Let there be as a first step a comprehensive survey by independent experts of the scale of civic remuneration, and a comparison of schedules paid to employees in similar categories in industrial, commercial and financial businesses in Toronto. Until such a comparative survey is completed and published and approved by the public the establishment of a pension scheme is premature.

That is only common sense. Council has shown no interest in the principle of an independent survey of municipal organization and of employment and wage scales. The reason is plain. There mere suggestion of such a survey would cost many votes.

#### Destruction of Values

The result of this squandering habit of mind is, more conspicuously than any other thing, the destruction of property values. By the perversity of human affairs another result is that assessment appeal courts refuse to recognize that destruction by reducing assessments to the level of actual values, values for which people will pay and are paying money.

Here are some of the facts. In the three years, 1936, 1937 and 1938, thirty properties with aggregate frontages of about a quarter of a mile in downtown Toronto sold for \$1,900,500. They were assessed at \$2,921,000. They realized only a little over 65% of the assessment. Sales of two properties this year, one scarce a stone's throw from Eaton's and Simpson's, and the other opposite the King Edward Hotel, realized in the aggregate about 35% of the assessed value. Both have been for sale for years and widely advertised. One of them, assessed for about \$57,000, sold for \$16,000, after the Ontario Municipal Board had repeatedly on a series of appeals refused to acknowledge the true facts by cutting assessments to the "actual value."

There is a dangerous and persistent error asserted both by the courts and by others in important positions. It is that land and buildings have some "value" other than the sum for which they can be sold. That is to say that things are worth more than people are willing to pay for them, worth more than any person can get out of

them. To men used to buying and selling things, that is rank nonsense. No rational person would lend money on mortgage on any such theory. No person ever buys on any such theory. Yet municipal credit, the credit of Toronto, is based on that theory.

When an owner after years of effort can only sell his property for \$75,000, I call it a fraud upon him and upon the lending public to confirm his assessment at more than \$150,000. To me it is a farce that courts find them-

selves bound to hold there is no question of law in assessing him at twice the realizable value of his property, that such a question is only a question of fact in respect of which the Court of Appeal for Ontario has no jurisdiction and no right to interfere.

Such assessments are commonly upheld by Assessment Appeal Courts because someone prophesies that some day in his opinion the property will sell for the amount of the assessment. He cannot tell you when. He can do nothing to bring it about. He

merely pledges his oath and alleged experience to what the rest of us know to be a sham.

But if that sham were made impossible, if opinions ceased to be admitted to contradict facts, we should see a tremendous revision in assessments all over the Province of Ontario. There should be uncompromising refusal to yield to any demand, any insidious proposal that the law be amended to permit properties to be assessed for more than their *bona fide* sales price.

## What of it?

"Cellophane" is a registered trade mark of Canadian Industries Limited and this cellulose film is a Canadian product made from Canadian raw materials by Canadian workmen at Shawinigan Falls, Que.

**What of it?** Well, for one thing, Northern Canadian spruce is unrivaled as a basic material in the manufacture of high grade wood pulp and it is from this famous wood that "Cellophane" is made. The "Cellophane" plant at Shawinigan Falls is the most modern of its kind — the quality of transparent cellulose film made at this plant is unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

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Third — when your product is advertised as "wrapped in 'Cellophane'" the public **knows** that it is wrapped in a film that is 100% transparent, is grease-proof, oil-proof, moisture-vapour proof and absolutely hygienic. Evidence is that the public appreciates these features. Surveys consistently show that goods in "Cellophane" sell **faster**. And remember: because "Cellophane" is a registered trade mark, the word cannot be used unless the packaging material actually is "Cellophane".

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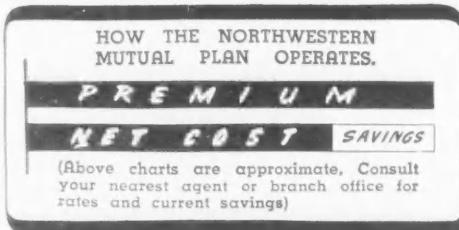
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EST. 1884

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PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN. WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON

## ABOUT INSURANCE

### Effect of Man's Atavistic Tendencies on Longevity

BY GEORGE GILBERT

It is brought out in this article that while present-day man is longer lived than his quadruped ancestors on the evolutionary tree, he is still afflicted with certain atavistic tendencies which, by throwing him back into closer relation with his remote progenitors, conduces to destroy that advantage and so adversely affects him as a life insurance risk.

Thus persons decorated with the stigmata of definite atavisms or reverations may be regarded as liable to wear out their organs by legitimate use sooner than more normally equipped people. Any signs which show that an individual reverts physically to an earlier type, say, an anthropoid, proclaim that he reverts vitally as well as structurally, so that his prospects of reaching even to "the Psalmist's exiguous span" are less than the normal.

SOME time ago an interesting and unusual lecture was delivered before the Insurance Institute of London, Eng., by Dr. Leonard Williams, chief medical officer of the Legal and General Assurance Society Limited, a well-known British insurance company. While the subject, "Man's Atavistic Tendencies," was outside the usual range of topics discussed at these meetings, the lecturer did not fail to point out its bearing on life insurance.

For example, he noted that although present-day man is longer lived than his "immediate ancestors on the evolutionary tree," the atavisms to which he directed attention, by taking him back into closer relation with his remote ancestors, tended to destroy this advantage and adversely affected his longevity, which had a reaction on the interests of life insurance companies.

While others have described man in various ways, in order to distinguish him from other animals, such as "a tool using animal," "a wearer of clothes," "a maker of fire," etc., his descriptive contribution was that man "is the only animal who has no instinctive knowledge as to what he ought to eat, the only animal who is deliberately cruel to his kind, and the only animal who intoxicates himself with alcohol and tobacco." He referred to the description of man by a prelate as "a religious animal" as much less true than it was.

#### Distinctive Features

With regard to those anatomical features which distinguish man from the rest of creation, he said that man is peculiar in the possession of a chin, of a heel, of a great toe, of a large brain, and, finally, the erect posture. Of these, by far the most important, he said, is the erect posture, and its importance rests on the fact that if man had remained a quadruped he would not have been able to develop his central nervous system, which is the seat of such god-like qualities as he may justly claim to possess.

Further, he pointed out that the evolution of man's transcendent brain was largely due to the rapid and effective drainage of all the structures above the chest which was rendered possible by the upright posture. Had it not been for that drainage, he said, it is almost certain that there would have been no development of the voice, as we know it, and without voice there would have been no speech.

To the further credit of the erect posture is to be placed, he claimed, man's appreciation of beauty and its application to art. As to how this came about, he referred to a learned paper by Dr. B. S. Talmey which appeared in 1918. It was to the effect that while man was a quadruped, the sexual excitant from the female reached the male through the sense of smell, but that when man assumed the upright posture the invitation addressed to the male in this way was no longer received, and the race became in danger of extinction. It therefore became necessary to evolve something else, and so it came to pass that the all-important sex appeal was

transferred from the olfactory nerve to the ocular, with the result that female beauty was evolved. And there is no doubt that female beauty has been the pivot round which the esthetic side of man has revolved throughout the ages.

#### Not Yet Fully Adapted

But, according to Dr. Williams, man is still very far from being properly adapted to his upright posture; indeed, he claims that most of his atavisms are due to a failure of adaptation to this position, or, in other words, to a reversion to his four-footed ancestors. The word reversion is a misnomer in many cases, he claims, because man has not yet been able to divest himself of anatomical features whose utility is confined to the horizontal position, and which, so far from being of any use in the upright posture, are a positive disadvantage.

As an example, he cites the intercostal veins, that are supplied with valves which, so far from being a help, are an actual hindrance to the blood flow. If, however, you place the man on all fours the blood in these veins has to flow against gravity, and the utility of the valves becomes apparent. But not only do we possess valves in veins that don't require them, we also are insufficiently supplied with valves where we do most emphatically need them, according to Dr. Williams.

He refers to the phenomenon of varicose veins in the legs. A varicose vein, as he points out, is a vein in which the valves have broken down, and it is not difficult to realize that a very heavy strain is placed upon the veins in the leg by the long columns of blood extending from the ankle to the heart which the valves have to sustain in the upright position. But, as he says, the moment that the horizontal position is substituted for the upright, the quadruped for the biped, the circulation proceeds quite smoothly and there is no strain on the valves.

#### Obesity an Atavism

What he describes as perhaps the most decided example of a degenerative atavism is one which is least often recognized as such—obesity. It is an atavism, he claims, because it represents a reversion to our hibernating ancestors. While hibernating animals begin in autumn to accumulate fat on their bodies, which is laid by as a store on which they may live during the winter when fasting is obligatory because no food is available, in the case of the human being this accumulation is not confined to the autumn but is continued all the year round.

According to Dr. Williams, the fat man's subconscious brain argues that the large quantities of food that are thrust into the organism must necessarily be in anticipation of a prolonged winter's fast, and so the digestive apparatus is kept busy in assimilating and storing the material which is scooped in against the days of enforced abstinence which never arrive. But for the fat man, not only



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do the days of fasting never come, but the advent of winter is used as an excuse for even more diligent feeding to keep out the cold and keep up the strength until, in the words of Dr. Williams, "the misguided victim explodes in a fit of apoplexy or smothers himself beneath a load of fat. Your fat man is sleepy because his subconsciousness is trying to make him hibernate. It does not succeed because fasting is an essential element in hibernation."

## Editor, About Insurance:

We shall be glad if you will kindly let us know whether or not in your opinion the undenoted insurance companies are safe to insure with and if they have the requisite authority to write insurance in British Columbia: Merchants Fire Assurance Corporation of New York; Millers National Insurance Company, Chicago.

—M. J. C., Vancouver, B.C.

Both the Merchants Fire Assurance Corporation of New York, and the Millers National Insurance Company of Chicago, Ill., are regularly registered at Ottawa and licensed to transact business in British Columbia. They have deposits with the Government at Ottawa for the exclusive protection of Canadian policyholders as follows: Merchants Fire, \$196,180; Millers National, \$125,000.

All claims are readily collectable, and they are safe to insure with.

## Editor, About Insurance:

I am a widower with two children 15 and 12 years of age.

I have a paid up Govt. Annuity for \$100 per month at age 65 guaranteed 10 years and \$5000 straight life. Returned Soldiers Insurance. The balance of my insurance, \$5000 endowment payable 1954, and \$17000 straight life is all with The London Life.

I am considering further pension saving, and would appreciate your advice as to whether I should place it with The London Life or preferably with another company.

—R. F. W., Toronto, Ont.

You would be making no mistake in my opinion if you took out what additional insurance you have in mind with the same company, the London Life, in view of the financial strength of that company and the low net cost of insurance to its policyholders as shown by its record over a lengthy period of years. It is usually more satisfactory to deal with one company, provided it is a strong and sound one and provided the net cost of insurance with it is low, as it considerably simplifies the matter of claim settlements when the time comes to collect under the policies.

Government figures show that the total admitted assets of the London Life at the end of 1939 were \$134,708,39, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to \$128,496,539, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$6,474,300. As the paid up capital amounted to \$350,000, there was thus a net surplus of \$6,124,300 over capital, policyholders reserves of \$101,199,083, provision for profits to policyholders of \$4,721,770, special reserves of \$8,365,000, and all liabilities. Its total income in 1939 was \$26,981,22, while its total disbursements were \$18,454,169, showing an excess of income over disbursements of \$8,527,253.

## Company Reports

## MAPLE LEAF MILLING

NET profit of \$317,220, after increased provision for taxes, depreciation and inventory reserve of \$150,000, is reported by the Maple Leaf Milling Co. Limited, for the year ended July 31, 1940, a reduction from \$394,023 for the previous fiscal year. Net for the year was equal to \$3.45 per share on the class "A" preferred stock before allowance for participation with the common, and after allowing for participation of \$1.43 on the preferred and to 73 cents a share on the common, compared with \$4.26, \$1.66 and 96 cents a share, respectively, for the year ended July 31, 1939.

Profit from operations amounted to \$1,211,136 and other income to \$19,689, a total of \$1,230,835, compared with a total of \$850,729 for the preceding year. Interest charges were reduced from \$206,706 to \$138,615, and provision for depreciation increased from \$150,000 to \$250,000 and for income and excess profits taxes from \$100,000 to \$375,000. An amount of \$150,000 was reserved against inventories.

Net working capital shows an increase of almost \$300,000 at \$1,622,



A young Canadian, training under the Empire Air Training Plan, tries his hand with a machine gun on range.

## DISTILLERS-SEAGRAMS

THE consolidated accounts of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Limited as of July 31, 1940, expressed in United States Currency, have been released and show that net profits of the corporation and all subsidiary companies for the fiscal year ending July 31, 1940 totalled \$9,716,798, as compared with the figure of \$6,566,313 in the preceding year. The consolidated net sales of the company's products during the fiscal year were \$103,231,335.

Net current and working assets amounted to \$43,875,399, after deducting all liabilities including long term bank loans. This is an increase over the previous year of \$3,357,591.

Earned Surplus as of July 31 of this year amounted to \$33,527,132, an increase of \$5,159,749, after deductions of \$814,431 for dividends on the cumulative 5 per cent preferred stock series and \$3,402,640 for dividends on the common stock of the company, in addition to \$339,978 representing the cost of retiring 4,600 shares of the company's cumulative preferred stock. The par value of the 4,600 shares retired, \$460,000, has been credited to Capital Surplus which as of July 31, 1940, amounted to \$970,000.

## Mines

BY J. A. MCRAE

GOLD producers throughout Canada have viewed with unusual interest the recent developments at Washington having to do with the decision of the government of the United States to raise the debt limit of the nation by a further twenty billion dollars. Close students of the precious metal have appeared to sense in this movement a possibility of a further advance in the price of gold in due course of time.

Sudbury Basin Mines and Ventures, Ltd., which companies hold control of La Luz Mines, have been advised that La Luz realized a net profit of \$244,572 during the third quarter of this year. The mill handled 53,077 tons in the three months. Moreover, the mill has since been brought up to a capacity of 25,000 tons per month, and with indications of an advance of about 50 per cent. in rate of production.

Preston East Dome produced \$219,459 during October, bringing output to \$1,920,676 for the ten months ended October 31.

Naybob Gold Mines produced \$46,805 in gold during October, the mill having treated 4,604 tons of ore.

International Nickel Company of Canada has current assets of \$95,055,604, according to the consolidated balance sheet as of September 30. Of this, more than \$36,000,000 is in cash and more than \$14,600,000 in time deposits and treasury bills. The company reports that for the nine months ended September 30, an operating

profit of \$49,415,402 was realized. An outstanding feature was that during the nine months the company had to reserve \$15,621,733 for taxes, or a rate of approximately \$21,000,000 a year. This compares with \$7,411,540 in the first nine months of 1939 or a rate of a little under \$10,000,000 a year. The earned surplus now carried by the company is \$74,400,643 compared with \$71,293,217 at the end of 1939.

Francoeur Gold Mines is the latest mining enterprise in the province of Quebec to reach the dividend-paying stage. A disbursement of three cents per share will be made on December 20.

Goldale Mines will pay a dividend of two cents per share on December 18.

Sherrit Gordon reported an operating profit of \$209,521 for the three months ended September 30, compared with just \$159,886 in the preceding quarter.

Lake Shore Mines is employing close to 1,200 men, being the largest single employer in the Kirkland Lake gold area. The total payroll at the mines of the Kirkland Lake district is at a rate of some \$9,500,000 a year.

Perron Gold Mines has established production at over \$190,000 per month and is believed to be in a position to maintain the record pace.

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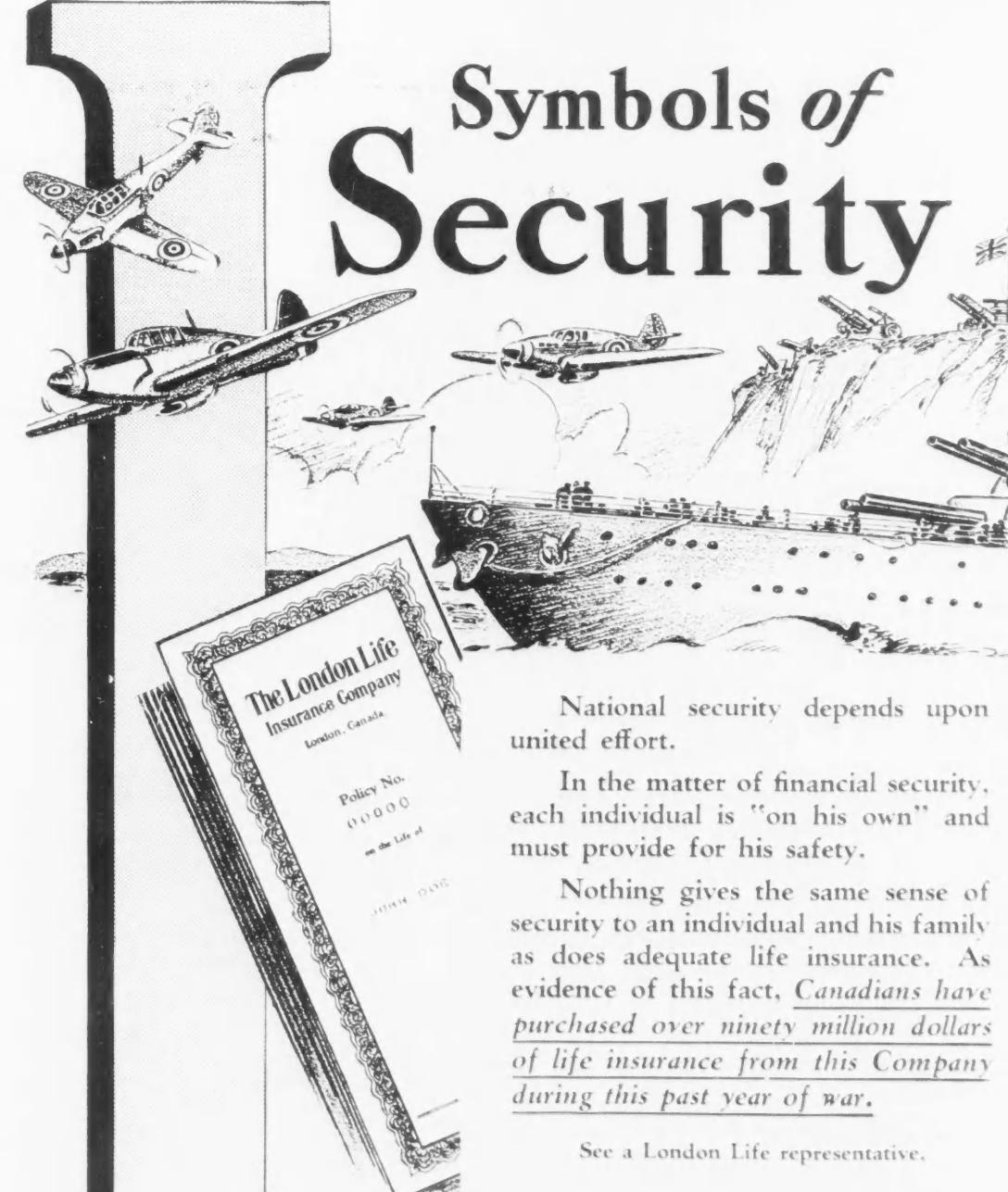
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National security depends upon united effort.

In the matter of financial security, each individual is "on his own" and must provide for his safety.

Nothing gives the same sense of security to an individual and his family as does adequate life insurance. As evidence of this fact, Canadians have purchased over ninety million dollars of life insurance from this Company during this past year of war.

See a London Life representative.

## London Life

ESTABLISHED 1874

### Insurance Company

Head Office - London, Canada

## "THE BACK PAGE"

### Copperheads and Critics

*(Continued from Page 29)*  
 something infectious about a conspicuously expressed decision, something that could leave an Arnold Bennett of London or an Alexander Woollcott of Gotham able to stampede the great unwashed into an echoing chorus of approval. That, apparently, is how best-sellers are made. But it may disquiet him a little to look back over those lists of best-sellers and wonder if the flaming ardencies of today must merge into the faded enthusiasms of yesterday. Should he himself get in those lists, human

nature being what it is, he will be less vocal in his claim that the best books, after all, are not the best-sellers.

But across the country he will still find a copperhead or two to keep him humble. He will try to ignore those conspicuities of savagery, arguing with himself that this particular inkpot appraiser probably crawls about that maelstrom of indigent authors and artists known as New York. I mention this just to keep the record clear. For out of that city of the stockyards known as Chicago and more specifically out of that Chicago monthly magazine somewhat meretriciously dignified by the title of "Poetry" not so long ago came a review of my "A Woman At Dusk & Other Poems." It was written by Margery Mansfield and it said in part:

recall, you may be sure, that kindness can sometimes be as cutting as cruelty. Before illustrating this with a gem from my own poetry post-mortems, I must be forgiven for turning personal and mentioning that, although born a Canadian, I have traveled on four continents, have studied at Oxford and lived in London, have made my home in Paris and Rome, and have for years eddied about that maelstrom of indigent authors and artists known as New York. I mention this just to keep the record clear. For out of that city of the stockyards known as Chicago and more specifically out of that Chicago monthly magazine somewhat meretriciously dignified by the title of "Poetry" not so long ago came a review of my "A Woman At Dusk & Other Poems." It was written by Margery Mansfield and it said in part:

"When the formative years of a poet's life have been spent in a community which has little literary tradition, when much of his work has been done in places where he would have scant companionship in the art, it is perhaps pardonable and kind to let these facts account for many shortcomings. Yet it is just, too, to point out what excellencies are present, as a possible indication of better work which might have been done under different circumstances."

Note, please, the purring and suave compassion with which the stalled ox is lined up for his stockyard hamster-sock. Note, too, the smugness with which the pontifical lady implies that all might have been otherwise if the soul-starved Canuck had left his igloo and his walrus-meat and inhaled the aroma of the cattle-yards where even the steer-dressers are so hell-bent on culture. For she goes on:

"It compares favorably with most of the verse written in the United States during the fallow period between 1900 and 1920. This suggests that the poet's talent is struggling through a similar fallow period in Canadian literature."

But what's the use? All I can say is, there's a critic for you. And a critic, let me add, who just doesn't know what she's talking about. Miss Margery Mansfield, who so airily brushes aside two decades of literary accomplishment in two countries, doesn't happen to be in "Who's Who." I'm as ignorant of her background as she proves herself of mine. She may, however, be a voice from Sinai or among the cattle-skimmers. But any such queen of lordly condescension of geographically scrambled bad taste, or placid misstatements of facts, should surely have a calico-cat crown all her own.



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